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THE VIRGINIAN

STATE FEMALE NORMAL
SCHOOL

1907



Farmville, Virginia





IF this, the sixth volume of THE VIRGINIAN, succeeds in after life in bringing to the minds of its readers happy recollections of student life at the State Normal School, it has fully accomplished its purpose.

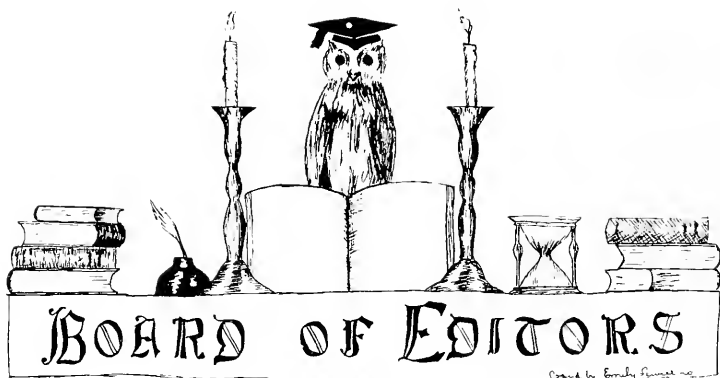
We take this opportunity of thanking those who have so kindly assisted us in making this Annual a success. To Dr. Messenger, who has given us valuable assistance in the literary department, we extend our hearty thanks. We wish to acknowledge gratefully our appreciation of the contributions to the art department, being especially grateful to Mr. Thomas Mitchell Pierce, who presented us with our frontispiece, and to Mr. Mattoon, Mrs. J. L. Bugg, and Miss Coulling.

We realize the fact that no one could have given more time and thought towards making this volume a success than Miss Lula O. Andrews. For her valuable aid in the business department, we are most grateful; for her able assistance in correcting and reviewing the matter for print, and in superintending the work as a whole, we extend to her our heartiest appreciation and thanks.

We thank one and all; nor let us forget the lower class girls, without whose hearty co-operation it would have been impossible to have made our Annual the financial success that it has been.

A. E. E.





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Dedication

To Miss Lula Ocillee Andrews
a member of our Faculty

In appreciation of the love and sympathy she has always
extended to us, and the inspiration we have drawn
from her noble example, we, the Senior Class
of the State Normal School,
dedicate this number
of

The Virginian



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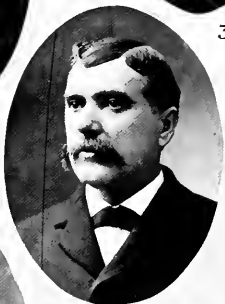
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Abe Atque Vale

IN MEMORY OF ZOULA LA BOYTEAUX*

“Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, O Death!”

How real and true these words seem to us when we think of Zoula La Boyteaux, whose summons came brief and unexpected on the eighth of June after a few days' illness.

When the class of June, 1906, was graduated none thought that within a few days one would be taken from their number.

This particular death seems sadder than that of many others, for her school days were just over, the goal had just been reached, and the future seemed to be full of rich reward.

How short was her day and how slender her opportunities! Her soul was needed elsewhere for higher purposes.

She was affable and pleasant to all with whom she came in contact, and loved by all who knew her, for her happy, cheerful and hopeful disposition.

Weep not for her! “It is well with the child.” Death does not take her away utterly; her memory is the shrine of pleasant thoughts. She will continue to live in the loving remembrance of all who knew her.” M. V. C.

*On staff of “THE VIRGINIAN,” 1906.

Class of January, 1907

Motto

"First he wroughte and afterward he taughte"

Colors

Green and White

Flower

Snowdrop

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January Class, '07



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FANNY BELLE
SHORTER

Remembrances

AMONG our earlier remembrances of our school days here are those of our trying experiences in adjusting ourselves to our new surroundings,—to the school customs, particularly the little points of etiquette as to making engagements, getting up cases, going walking with a friend, and when it is time to treat. A few girls are still a little hazy on this last point, and often “rise to the occasion” with the inspiring suggestion of having a Dutch treat. Most of the other things, however, were learned more successfully during the first year, a few of them particularly well. I think Lois Leonard should have some new and original ideas to add to the science of making friends, (shall we call it?) judging by her success in this line.

We were proud at the end of the year at the amount of knowledge we had gained, not only in the class-room, but also from everything with which we had come in contact and from every experience during the time.

The second and third years are remembered as the time during which we discovered how little we had really learned about anything, and how much there was yet to be learned. It even began to dawn on us that there were a few things, possibly, which we should never know. Otherwise, we seem merely to have followed the regular routine of recitations, tests, and tickets, though a few did consider the Senior A Arithmetic examination their Waterloo.

But of all our experiences, those which mean most to us now, and will in after years, are those of our last and Senior term from September 5, 1906, to January 29, 1907.

This fall we came back almost a week earlier than usual in order to get our work assigned and schedules made for teaching. Few of us have forgotten how weighty a matter it was at the time, and how nothing less important than the training school could have taken that last week of our vacation.

The first few days of our return we haunted the training school halls, and gazed with many misgivings at the bulletin board to see what work was assigned to us,—what subjects and in what grade,—for most of us knew what subjects we should prefer to teach, and also, those which we should prefer *not* to teach. When the work was assigned, however, most of the girls were pleased, only one or two let the supervisors know what they so earnestly desired not to have. About these, of course, it was decided, “Why, that’s the very thing she needs.”

How we dreaded that first lesson in the training school! We tried to plan every little detail so that there could not possibly be any hitch. A few of us had observers that day, however, which is never likely to give better control of the wits; others finished all of the lesson planned many minutes before the end of the period, and, as there was nothing to review, they were slightly at a loss for a way to keep the children

interested ; and some came across little details for which they had failed to plan ; a few, however, were delighted with their first lesson and enthusiastically exclaimed that they believed that they were " born teachers."

We were also concerned on that first day about the impression which we were going to make on the children. We made ourselves as attractive looking as possible, and went down with the hope that the children would like us, and bring us flowers. We could not help looking a little enviously at Theodosia De Baum, Page Pierce and Daisy Chapman, with their beautiful roses, they being the first to win their pupil's affection to that extent.

Another source of much concern, of many tears, more good resolutions, but most often of encouragement, was the frequent criticism. We took out our criticism books two or three times after every lesson, and if there were a criticism, we repeated it faithfully to everyone we saw—they rejoiced or sorrowed with us as was appropriate. We are somewhat prone to think, though, that a criticism must always be adverse. One girl came running in great excitement to a crowd of us one day and said, " Oh ! Let me tell you. Mr. Bidgood said that the amount of history which those youngsters know is phenomenal. That isn't anything bad, is it ?"

Early in the year we called our first class meeting at which we chose as president, Mary Schofield, and as vice-president, Virgie Stubblefield. That this was a wise choice was afterwards confirmed by the faculty in awarding Mary the first honor, that of being valedictorian, and to Virgie the second honor, that of being salutatorian.

Other phases of school life, too, have had a share in our time and attention. Many of our girls have been prominent in the Literary work of the school, a number having done faithful work in their Literary Societies. Eleanor Wiatt and Leonora Ryland deserve special mention because of their ability in argument. Eleanor in the debate between the Literary Societies in the fall reflected credit upon herself, her society, and her class. The Literary work of several of the girls has helped to sustain the Annual and "The Guidon," that of Myrtle Houpt and Mary Schofield being especially worthy of comment. The literary efforts of Pauline Reynolds, Lutie Clark, and Belle Shorter, however, have all been sent away, we understand, and it has puzzled us, as none of their manuscripts have been returned, to know why they have never been published.

A few of us have been successful in athletics. Eleanor Wiatt won many enthusiastic cheers while playing on the champion basket ball team of year before last, and the second team of last year. Among our best tennis players are Ruth Cobb, Vivian Boisseau and Margaret Palmer. We understand, too, that Vivian sometimes plays love games in the court on the hill. Lois Gillespie has shown her proficiency in this line by the masterly way in which she taught gymnastics.

Lois Leonard has saved the class reputation in music, for though a few of us are members of the Glee Club and a few others play well on the piano, Lois is our

only distinguished musician. We wonder how any of the school entertainments can ever be quite a success without a solo from Lois.

Much time has been devoted to reading the rules and keeping out of mischief, for we found that a Senior's home life is not the round of privileges which we had expected. We soon found that we must not take any liberties with the rules, or take part in any unlawful proceedings such as midnight feasts, serenades, Christmas celebrations, and other amusements of like nature. Some found it a little hard "to be good," but most of us were more fortunate—Antoinette Morgan, perhaps, coming up to the standard more nearly than the rest of us.

In spite of hard work, responsibilities, and being good, we have by no means had a dull time, for we have entered most enthusiastically into the lighter sides of school life. Nearly all of us dance, and about half are members of the German Club, Bessie Stokes, Juliette Hundley and Vivian Boisseau being three of the best dancers in school. We have also spent many pleasant social evenings during this term. We enjoyed entertaining the Senior A's about the middle of the term, at a children's party. We were pleased, too, to have with us that night Miss Whiting, our honorary member, who, though she was not in childish costume, helped carry out the spirit of the hour.

We shall never forget the Japanese evening so delightfully spent, "At School in the Sunset Kingdom," with Miss Whiting, a week or two before the close of the term. Mrs. Jarman was "the august dispenser of favors," and granted as favors little Japanese lanterns, fans, and umbrellas to every one, who, after bowing in the proper Japanese style, answered a question correctly. To those who failed to answer a question correctly, a sugar plum was given. Dr. Jarman, "the solitary august gentleman," was allowed to answer, also, and was granted many favors, but it was a relief to us to notice sometimes, when we thought we were growing too fond of sugar plums, that "the solitary august gentleman" liked them a little, too. The prizes for scholarship, a Japanese picture in water colors and two beautiful Japanese vases, were awarded to Ruth Cobb, Myrtle Houpt and Dr. Jarman.

On the evening of January 10, we assembled in Dr. Jones' class-room, at about five o'clock, to await the decision of the Faculty as to whether we had passed on teaching. We were solemn and dignified enough to be Seniors that night. Several of the members of the Home Department came around just to look at one of the girls, whom they had never seen look serious before. We laughed and talked and tried to look cheerful, always keeping an anxious eye, however, toward the door. The other girls went to supper, came out again, still we waited. By this time even the most sunny smile had begun to look forced, and when Dr. Jones entered, the girls shrank back in their seats as though they were about to receive a blow. "There's nothing to dread, young ladies," he said: "you have all got through." We gave a whoop that would have done credit to a band of Indians, and went trooping to our rooms, the happiest girls you could imagine.

SIDNEY GUY, THE REMEMBRANCER.

The Prophecy of the January Class of 1907

LATE ONE EVENING I was sitting by the window in my room brooding over my class prophecy. Everything that suggested itself had either been used before or was too far fetched even for a prophecy.

Having been engaged in these gloomy thoughts for some time, and finding that I was thinking to no purpose, I was overcome with despair; nothing original would come to my mind.

Presently I felt—I know not how to describe it—some strange power draw my attention; I raised my eyes, instinctively, as if someone were gazing at me, and a vapory mist seemed to float across the opposite wall. As the mist floated away the figure of a quaint old man dressed in black robes bordered with cabalistic characters came to view. The feeling of awe inspired by his long white hair and beard and stern face was somewhat modified by the kindly twinkle of his bright eyes, which were intently fixed upon me. With a divining rod in his hand he traced queer figures in the air, and out of the gathering haze a dimly gleaming surface reflected the light of the waning day, and I found myself looking into the misty depths of a dark old mirror. I heard a voice say, “Look well. Therein the future is revealed.”

“Will they believe it?” I asked, scarcely knowing that I spoke, when the same voice, as from a great distance, floated back to me, “Those who have the believing spirit will this night see visions of the future.”

“What can all this mean? Surely I am in my own room, and there is no such mirror there. It must be only a freak of the imagination,” I thought.

I had a great desire to get away from it all, and turn on the light to dispel such fancies, but the shadowy, phantom-like figures that passed across the surface of the mirror held me as if by magic, and I could not take my eyes away.

They were all unfamiliar, these ghost-like figures, and passed with averted faces, “How can they reveal the future unless I have the power to divine their meaning?” I thought.

Presently the figures grew more distinct, and I saw—. Remember the voice said, “Those who have the believing spirit will see visions of the future.” And do you not see the hazy mists already appearing? I saw a number of students in doctor’s caps and gowns. Among them I at once recognized Mary Schofield. Proudly they wore their hoods, for they had just



received their degree and were waiting to go into the banquet hall. “Why do they not go on?” I thought; “they must be waiting for someone else.” I was right; another one came in hur-

riedly. It was Sidney Guy, and she was late. "How like Sidney!" I exclaimed, remembering her tendency to be late on all occasions.

Imagine my surprise when the glass revealed to me Myrtle Houpt as a Red Cross nurse. The thought of Myrtle's rescuing wounded soldiers on the battle-field seemed very strange to me. Surely none of us can guess from the present what the future will be. Before I had time to wonder the picture quickly vanished—



and I saw Margaret Palmer, in traveling dress, enter a railway station. I could tell by her appearance that she had traveled much and seen a great deal of the world. I wished that I might have heard her tell of the wonderful things she had seen, but she quickly bought a ticket and boarded the train which had just come in.

In an opera house in a large city an eager audience waited. The curtains rolled back, revealing Lois Leonard. I knew by the flowers heaped at her feet, and the applause which she received, that the Prima Donna of our class had become a world Prima Donna.



Belle Shorter appeared as a nun. She was looking very much as she did at school; yet there was a difference, and I thought of the nun as described by Milton:

The "pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over the decent shoulders drawn."
And keepest thou "thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul setting in thine eyes."

The nun gradually disappeared, and a beautiful building came in sight. By looking through the window I could see that it was a kindergarten, and Page Pierce was moving about busily dusting the pictures and watering the flowers, so that everything would be in order by the time the children should arrive.

Remembering the enthusiasm she had for primary work while at school, it was no surprise to me to see her in her own kindergarten leading the eager children in the games.



"What manner of glass is this?" I exclaimed, when it reflected a procession of girls; and I watched them move on. As they entered the church they began singing, and among them I saw Pauline Reynolds. She had that same rapt, far-away expression in her eyes which I had seen there while we were practicing our class songs.



The mirror became a bland, and I strained my eyes, fearing that I would not be able to see the future of the others. My fears were soon dispelled, for in the distance I saw a figure in white approaching. It was Vivian Boisseau, dressed as a bride. Her veil swept the floor, and so real were the flowers which she carried that I could almost catch their perfume. This picture lasted but a moment, and I saw her again in a smart runabout drive up and stop before a large mercantile house. The owner of the house came out, entered the vehicle, and they drove off together. Vivian had married some wealthy merchant.

Oh, wonderful! In a fourth grade room of a school Theodosia De Bann stood explaining arithmetic to a very attentive class. Presently Juliette Handley entered and took charge. She was teaching history. Theodosia and Juliette found teaching such a pleasure that they could not give it up. I saw them later as they were correcting papers, and thought they were living examples of our motto: "First we wrought and afterward we taught."



A meek, sweet-faced woman in a deaconess' dress passed before my sight. In her hand she carried a basket and a bunch of flowers, and she walked briskly, like one who has many things to do. I knew upon what errand Antoinette Morgan was going. Looking beyond I could see the dark miserable tenement-house. The tired mother was bending over her sick baby, while several dirty little children were playing about the room; but after Antoinette had made her visit the sun seemed to shine more brightly, the fretful baby slept quietly, and the flowers on the table filled the room with their pleasant odor. Truly her work as a deaconess would prove a blessing!

In the depths of the old mirror I espied Bessie Stokes sitting in her dressing-room at a theatre, waiting for her time to appear. She may have been troubled by thoughts of failure, but so well did she represent "Lady Teazle" that she could not do otherwise than make a great success as an actress in this role.



Virgie Stubblefield passed slowly by. I was wondering why she carried a Japanese parasol instead of wearing a hat, when following her came two little Japanese children. One was carrying her clock and the other had her little arms full of books. Virgie was not only teaching school, but doing missionary work as well.

The little Japanese children vanished, and a brilliantly lighted ball-room, decorated in flowers and palms, took their place. All eyes followed "the bell of the evening" as she arose to take her departure, and it was not until she turned, as she passed out of the room to give a last nod and smile to some favored one, that I recognized Ruth Cobb.



The ball-room was no longer reflected, but a small cozy room. Sitting around the room were three of the primmest, most precise-looking ladies I had ever seen. Daisy Chapman, for the improvement of her intellect, was reading Emerson's Essays; Lois Gillespie was knitting, and Leanora Ryland stroked an appreciative old cat. Leanora had often acknowledged her fondness for cats.

This picture vanished, only to be replaced by that of a neat little kitchen. Standing by an open cupboard I recognized Lutie Clarke, the industrious member of our class. Oh, dear, she was going to be a housekeeper.



The futures of the nineteen had been revealed. What could the future hold for me. In my eagerness to see I leaned forward. The mirror seemed to recede, and nervously reached forward to catch it, when—alas! it had vanished, and I found myself clutching the window casing. With disappointment in my heart, I stood staring into the night, wondering what my future would have been.

ELEANOR B. WIATT.



Class Poem

JANUARY, 1907

Seated in a study on a cold mid-winter's evening,
Pondering o'er the difficulties in a Senior's store,
Was a student, lone and weary, from the care and worry
Of the trials conquered, in the day just gone before.

Silence reigned supreme within ; without was dark and gloom ;
In her heart lurked sadness, and her bosom heaved with sighs ;
Drooping were her eyelids, into dreamland she was floating,
When in fancy came a woman, fair, and strange, and wise.

Stately and sedate she stood, no furrows on her brow,
In her hand a sceptre, on her head a golden crown ;
Oh! so distant seemed her gaze, her head was bent to hear,
In measured gentle tones she spoke and cast her eyes adown!

“ Methinks I hear an echo through the stillness of the dusk,
Methinks I see an army upon yon distant road,
Methinks it is the marching of a happy joyous throng,
Who are coming into quarters, to lay aside their load.

Waving high above these warriors, two and twenty are they all,
Are their colors, white and green ; all their banners are unfurled ;
’Tis a grand victorious army, in their minds, success intent,
For to battle still they’re going, and to conquer in the world.

Reaching camp they tell this story of a stubborn conflict won:
“ It was in a mild September when our armor we did gird,
There were enemies to conquer, there were many foes to face,
But we warriors were so loyal ;—“ obedience ” our pass-word.

Earnest, trustful, went we forward, to this battle fierce and long,
Happy, hopeful of the future were we in this hot pursuit,
Brave and loyal were we ever to the cause we had in view,
And to us the victory came for our hearts were resolute.

Though this resting is so pleasant, we must on the morrow go
Forth to fight the works of darkness, with a purpose firm and true,
Unfeigned courage and ambition shall be light to lead us on,
With this standard high above us, we shall still our way pursue.'"

Thus the warrior's story ended, and the vision disappeared,
Waked the student from her slumber, but the truth remained concealed ;
Eagerly she sought the import of this pleasant, vivid dream,
In an instant came the answer, "'Tis a Senior's life revealed."

Striving ever upward, onward, in our hearts a zeal for truth,
With these lessons well ingrafted, by our wise instructors taught,
We go out with pride heroic and a conscience void of fears,
Truth and right to teach to others, who still seek as we have sought.

Gently falls the curtain o'er the class of nineteen seven,
With faltering steps we leave you for our destiny unknown ;
Let wisdom's ways be guide-posts to the work of our high calling
Throughout this earthly strife of ours wherever we may roam.

MYRTLE HOUST.

The Last Will and Testament of the Senior B Class, January, 1907

OF the State Normal School, the January class 1907, teachers, being about to depart this life on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of January instant, being suddenly seized with a realization of the privilege of writing a will, and therefore desirous of making a disposition of its valuables, called for pen, ink and paper for the purpose; but finding the latter end drawing near, it expressed, testified and declared its last will in the presence of three witnesses, to-wit:— Lutie Clarke, Juhette Hundley and Elizabeth Stokes, to be as hereinafter follows:

ITEM I. To Miss Marie Louise Whiting, the honorary member of our class, we do bequeath with our love and appreciation of all that she has been to us, a Japanese picture in remembrance of the evening delightfully spent with her in the Sunrise Kingdom.

ITEM II. To Dr. Jarman our esteemed president, students, *pro tem*, of history, who are as attentive as his faithful follower "Gyp."

ITEM III. Desiring that our bequests be as pleasing as is possible, we have agreed to leave our honorable professor, Mr. Jones, a holiday at any time he may choose, to be spent with Dr. Smith. To Dr. Messenger, an encyclopædia of subjects adapted to special meetings of the Cunningham and Argus Literary Societies.

ITEM IV. To Dr. Millidge, the entire counties of Prince Edward and Cumberland for future use in his beloved geography walks. To Mr. Bidgood, the joy of leading in chapel exercises, also the request that he be on time for the said exercises. To Mr. Mattoon, one thing that he cannot do. We leave the Seniors to find this, as we have been unable to do so during our sojourn here.

ITEM V. To Miss Woodruff, we leave girls who have left their tears at home with other childish habits. To Miss Pierce, teachers who have as their motto "Punctuality." To Miss Dunn, rank with James Russell Lowell as a critic. To Miss Haliburton, an automatic writing machine with which to copy notes in Primary Methods. To Miss Blandy, a room other than the kindergarten rooms for social functions, given by other people.

ITEM VI. To Miss Andrews, all of our worldly goods left behind to be sold, and the money given to the Y. W. C. A. Building Fund. To Miss London, a pile of arithmetic papers, blank on the inside, but with the full name of the owners written neatly on the outside together with the date and the subject. To Miss Rice, gratitude for a higher conception of the grand and noble character of Robert E. Lee than we ever dreamed of before.

ITEM VII. To Miss Smithey, we bequeath another eight o'clock French class. To Miss Snow, an extra supply of fish, so that every girl in her class may have her own individual fish. To Miss Hills, we give, with the permission of the schedule committee, a special period for drilling classes in the knowledge of "right and left."

ITEM VIII. To Miss Blackiston and Miss Hiner, the right to excuse classes in order that the said instructors may take long walks, providing this meets with the approval of the classes. To Miss Waterbury, more vacant periods in which to entertain girls who insist on calling too often.

ITEM IX. To Miss Long, a list of dates beginning with the creation of man and continuing to the present time. To Miss Harrison, girls with common sense. To Miss Sutherlin, a dictionary to be used by her girls that the vocabulary of each one may be enlarged.

ITEM X. To Miss Coulling, an apparatus for harmonizing colors in a way pleasing to the eye. To Miss Crawley, we leave the promise of a reading class that will "get the thought and keep it." To Miss Winston, a large class in chemistry, ten thousand slips of paper two by four inches, and an automatic machine for recording *zero*.

ITEM XI. To Miss Lancaster, a few more friends to take the places of the departing ones. To Miss Vennie Cox the arithmetic teachers of the seventh and eighth grades in the Training School. To Miss Tabb, some more "notes," if at any time she doesn't receive a creditable number. To Miss Dugger and Miss Taliaferro, all of the books that have been kept out by us over time, with the amount due paid up in full.

ITEM XII. To Mrs. Brooks, our admiration and sincere regret at not being able to know her for a longer time, also three hundred and seventy-five girls to drill in table etiquette with the Seniors as assistants. To Miss Mary White Cox, some more duties, as she has any amount of superfluous time. To Mrs. Jamison, a device for keeping meals hot, while the girls take their own good time to come to the dining room. To "Aunt Patty" and Miss Allen another gong with the hope that with two going at once, more weary and worn out damsels will awake at 7 a. m. instead of 7:25. To Miss Thraves, an open pantry with good things stored therein for hungry girls; and to Ellen, her assistant, peace and quiet, for we agree with her that these have been very "confusive" times of late. To Mrs. Newby, some spare time so that the girls may have the privilege of knowing her better. To Miss Cary, appreciation of her kindly care of us while we slept. To Miss Cox, answers to the thousands of questions asked him by the girls. To Dr. Winston, five hundred new girls who are immune to whooping cough.

XIII. To the Senior B's, that peace of mind during the next four months which we so longed for, but never found.

ITEM XIV. Lastly, we do bequeath to our dear Alma Mater, a picture, "Aurora." May it be an inspiration to some, and a joy to all.

We do hereby constitute Judge Watkins executor of this our last will and testament, in witness whereof we have set hereunto our hand and seal this twenty-sixth day of January, in the year one thousand, nine hundred and seven.

ELIZABETH STOKES,
Executrix.

Parting Song

TUNE: "JUANITA"

Sadness comes o'er us,
For 'tis time to say adieu
To Alma Mater,
To the white and blue;
We shall ne'er forget thee,
Whereso'er we chance to be,
We shall always cherish
Loving thoughts of thee.

CHORUS : Mater, Alma Mater,
Dear to each and every heart,
Mater, Alma Mater,
Must we from thee part ?

Teachers and schoolmates
All who in this Normal dwell,
We wish to give you
Each a fond farewell ;
Life has here been pleasant,
And though parting brings us pain,
May we in the future
Hope to meet again !

CHORUS : Teachers, farewell teachers !
Dear to each and every heart,
Teachers, farewell, teachers !
Now from thee we part.

Schoolmates, cherished schoolmates,
Dear to each and every heart ;
Schoolmates, cherished schoolmates,
Now from thee we part.

Class of June, 1907

Motto

"We can if we will"

Colors

White and Gold

Flower

Daisy

HONORARY MEMBER - - - - DR. J. L. JARMAN

Officers

PRESIDENT - - - - - FLORA THOMPSON

VICE-PRESIDENT - - - - - BERYL MORRIS

SECRETARY - - - - - LOUISE SEMONES

TREASURER - - - - - GERTRUDE DAVIDSON



PRESIDENT JARMAN

Class of June, 1907



Roberta Brumwell Allen

"But first I'll do my errand."

Josephine Inez Baker

"Petite and shy,
A maid well worth the winning."



Florence Ray Barr

"Her eyes alone smile constancy;
Her lips have serious sweetness."

Caroline Boulware Bayley

"Good humor only teaches
charms to last."





Belle Beryl Brosius

"Strength and honor are her clothing."



Flora Anne Bruce

"The gentleness of all the gods
go with thee."



Hollie Bland Byerley

"A merry heart goes with
you all the day."



Alice Lee Castle

"Making many rich."



Clara Avery Colton

"It is the mind that makes her rich."

Hattie Winifred Crute

"With countenance demure
and modest grace."



**Margaret Gertrude
Davidson**

"'Tis not in mortals to demand success;
But we'll do more, we'll deserve it."

Elizabeth Gertrude Davis

"The joy of youth and health her eyes
displayed,
And ease of heart her every look
conveyed."





Belle Sarah Dunton

"The first great work
Is that yourself may to yourself be true."



Janet Amanda Duball

"Her sweetness strained the sense,
Of common life and duty."



**Amanda Elizabeth
Edwards**

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and
skill."



Louise Allen Farinholt

"Everything about her breathes of youth
and youth's sweet prime."



Clara Fallwell

"She taketh most delight
in music."



Hattie Belle Gilliam

"My heart
Is true as steel."



Mary Thompson Glasgow

"Nothing that she does or seems,
But being of something greater
than herself."



Sue Hamlet

"A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food."



Nellie French Johnson

"Her face shined bright and made a
sunshine in the shady place."



Frank Prescott Jones

"High flights she had, and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still."



Lillian Berlin Jones

"A still, small voice,"



Julia Bone Kent

"Ah, dear Julia, why art thou
yet so fair?"



Caroline Llewelyn Kyle

"A maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet, that her
motion
Blushed at itself."



Sarah Ambrose Lee

"Not stepping o'er the bounds
of modesty."



Ethel Virginia Ligon

"In her utmost rightness
there was truth."



Annie Mae Marshall

"Her glossy hair was clustered
o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence."



Carrie Knoll Mason

"A being full of clearest insight."



Nellie Bray Moreland

"And gladly wolde she lerne,
and gladly teche."



Beryl Morris

"Ornament of a meek and
quiet spirit."



Nan Morton Nicholson

"My Nan shall be the queen of
all the fairies."



Myrtle Rucker Rea

"Larger in judgment and instinct."

Anne Lavinia Richardson

"With thy clear, clear joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadows of annoyance
Never come near thee."



Louise Bernard Semones

"As pure in thought as
Angels are;
To know her was to love her."

Clara Gresham Smith

"Charms strike the sight, but
merit wins the soul."





Mary Virginia Steger

"Knowledge is power."



Flora Clendenin Thompson

"A life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood."



Hazel Marie Thompson

"All homage to her cultivated
mind
Gracious in manner, her speech
refined,
With a dignified bearing
and gentle reserve."



Margaret Lewis Tucker

"All hearts do pray;
'God love her.'"



**Rebecca Pocahontas
Vaughan**

"Goodness is beauty in its
best estate."



**Susan Dickenson
Wright**

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends
all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering
of my mind."

Annie Reynolds

"Quiet as a nun."

Kindergarten Training Class



Edith Brent Duball

"Harmony with every grace
Plays in the fair proportions of
her face."



Mary Sills Holt

"Whatever skeptic could inquire
for—
For every where she had a where-
fore."



Lucy Kelly Rice

"I love her for her smile, her
look, her way,
Of speaking gently."

History of June Class, 1907

IT IS A TASK to select from the abundance of material at hand a few isolated facts that taken together can be called a history of the June Class of 1907. It is beyond the power even of a Macaulay to state a few facts and expect to do justice to this class of vitalized energy, of action and of achievement!

The June class of 1907, a synonym of force, vigor and capacity, numbers forty-six loyal young women gathered from all parts of this old commonwealth. Some have been here two years, others a much longer time and some few have never attended any other school. Here we have received training that will help to make us factors in nobly upholding the unstained honor of Virginia, the mother of States and Statesmen.

It was not until we became Senior B's that we fully realized our responsibility. the old duties, trials and pleasures of the Senior A class were soon forgotten in the world of new ones. How important we felt when we read on the Bulletin board the notice: "Miss Woodruff will meet the Senior B's at 4:30 in the Eighth Grade Room." The principal of the Training School there told us of the responsibility of teaching little children, the future citizens of our State and our Nation. As we left the room, each of us recalled our motto as Fourth B's, "Greater afflictions await us."

Early the next morning a group of girls in the Training School hall talked in excited, awed whispers of the veritable battles that had to be fought that day in facing their pupils. It required more courage than a soldier's in facing the mouth of a cannon, for the mouth of a cannon has not a tongue with which to ask questions. With quickened heart-beats, we watched the children march into the various grade rooms. Then we realized that the moment was upon us when we must take charge of a roomful of children, with perhaps a number of all-wise Juniors observing us, and a critic teacher seated in the back of the room, note-book in hand. With as much outward calmness as we could summon, we entered those yawning doors of the kindergarten and the various classrooms in the Training School. That we lived to tell the tale is a proof of the fact that we are a class of great endurance; for some of us have taught not only during the day, but all night long, as well, for often our dreams have been disturbed as we felt our couches surrounded by ghosts of children plying question after question which it would take a veritable Solomon to answer.

On one occasion, when one of our number was telling the little tots in the kindergarten of how good God is to everyone, one little boy said, "He ain't good to the Bad Man, is he?" Dare anyone, even with the weight of years upon his shoulders, face undaunted these little immortals with such questions flashing through their brains!

Just before Christmas when we had told the children over and over the story of

the Christ Child, we asked one little girl if she knew what guided the Wise Men to the birthplace of the Babe Jesus. To our utter despair she answered, "Yes, indeed, I know; 'twas the buzzards." One day, when the children were asked to name families of the air, water, and ground, one child gave as an illustration of an underground family, the family of the Bad Man. A little fellow in the kindergarten was one day accused by another little boy of being a German. He indignantly denied it. The other little boy then asked accusingly, "Weren't you born in Germany?" "Yes. But would you be a horse, if you were born in a stable?"

Do you not agree with us, then, that to live to tell the story of our heart-rending experiences in dealing with such questions proves our power of vitality?

We very soon called a meeting to organize our class. Flora Thompson was unanimously elected president. We are proud that we can claim such a fine, helpful woman as our leader. Wise, tactful and able has been her guidance. Beryl Morris was elected vice-president; Louise Semones, secretary; Gertrude Davidson, treasurer.

Oh, the glory of having class meetings every two weeks! How important it sounded to hear this announcement in chapel: "The Senior B Class will meet at 4:45 to-day in Dr. Jones' class-room. These meetings contained many amusing incidents. Among these may be mentioned some long and animated discussions that touched only in high places upon the questions for discussion. From our skill in argument it sometimes appeared that nature had intended some of us to follow the law.

The novelty of class meetings wore off after a little, and our ingenious president had to try many ways of enticing some of our number to attend. We would not tell outside of class for worlds the reason why our girls at last attended class-meetings so regularly.

A very important event was our first Seminar. How fine it was to be able to walk out in the yard or up and down the halls after all the other girls had gone to their rooms to study! The lower-class girls seemed much impressed with our importance when we informed them that we were merely walking until time for Seminar. Seminar! The very word seemed to terrify the poor girls! At our first meeting Susie Wright was elected chairman. How dignified she has been in presiding over these meetings, in which many weighty matters were discussed and decided. After a discussion as to whether our school should become co-educational, it was decided that it was best for the girls that the classes should not be opened to young men. One of our number most forcibly exclaimed, "Why, we would not have time to study!"

Great is the pride that every girl takes in our annual, THE VIRGINIAN. It is an especial object of pride to the members of the Senior B Class, from which the editors are chosen. Elizabeth Edwards, the editor-in-chief, has shown wonderful executive ability in guiding the work of the staff. She is ably assisted by Mae Marshal as assistant editor-in-chief; Florence Barr, as literary editor; Clara Smith, assistant literary editor; Carrie Mason, business manager; Anne Richardson, assistant business

manager; Gertrude Davidson, picture editor; Frank Jones, joke editor; Janet Duval, club editor; and Carrie Kyle, art editor. Is it any wonder that, with such an efficient staff, our President was able to say: "We are going to have the finest annual this year we have ever had?" Marvelous is the energy shown by Carrie Mason, the business manager, and her ambition, for it knows no bounds. Even a stranger would recognize her business ability; she is so permeated with it that even on the gymnasium floor she will walk up to a girl and say, "Dance with me. Can you guide?"

Our class owns Moreland than any other class has owned; indeed, it owns a whole Hamlet. Besides possessing many "castles in Spain," we have near our Hamlet a very attractive American Castle, surrounded as cities of old by strong, formidable intrenchments in the shape of Duvalls that Barr all intruders. The land around this Castle is rich in that beautiful and costly gem, the Beryl. There is constant employment for many under the guidance of a Wright, a Smith, a Mason, a Baber.

Among us are owners of such names as Mason, Marshal, Davis and Lee, names dear to every Virginian, and Smith, a name that in this year 1907 is surely as famous as that of any belonging to Virginia history. In thinking of the glory that belongs to Smith, the founder of Jamestown, we are not likely to forget the great sea captain of 1812, whose remains were recently brought to this country; for we have in our number two Joneses, no doubt descendants of the brave-hearted John Paul Jones. Our class is indeed a remarkable one, for it has the unique honor of having as valedictorian Elizabeth Edwards, a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, the famous American theologian; as vice-president, Beryl Morris, a descendant of Robert Morris, the American statesman and financier of the War of 1776, and as president, Flora Thompson, a descendant of Maurice Thompson, the poet, and as honorary member, our President, Dr. Joseph L. Jarman.

With a good record and unstained honor, we have pursued our way along the devious paths of knowledge, now to be ushered into the University of the World, the true school of life. Here's to the noble daughters of June, 1907, the brave-hearted daughters of Virginia who are to grapple with the problems of educating the boys and girls, the future citizens of this old Commonwealth! May the future see in us the fulfillment of the bright hopes and worthy ambitions which the glorious past has promised.

LUCY KELLY RICE.

Ode to the Senior B's

There was a time when study, school and book,
And all a school-girl's life,

 To us did look
But as a long and endless strife,
A drudgery that the mind could never brook.

 It is not now as it was long ago,
For every where we go
We find this so,
That things we once did hate we now should like to know.

 As graduates we are gay,
 And cheerful go our way ;
Our friends do with delight
Come 'round us now our joy to share.
Graduates on commencement night
Are light and free from care ;
A teacher's wisdom doth appall,
 But still we'll yearn
 Where'er we turn
For days that we've spent here and never can recall.

Our school life is a dream or a sweet story ;
The knowledge that we gain, our future guide,
Will lead us on to glory
And fame afar and wide.
 For not in sheer forgetfulness,
 But in sad regretfulness,
And memory of our Normal do we come
 From S. N. S. our home
Joy lies about us in our early years ;
Shadows of hard work begin to close
Upon the Junior girl,
But she beholds the light, and whence it flows
And Hope's ensigns unfurl.
 The senior who farther into ways of life
 Must travel, learns strife,
 And by her supervisor
 Each day is made some wiser,
 Till when by earnest toil she's paved the way,
 Time brightens into glad commencement day.

O joy! that in our embers
Something always lives;
The graduate still remembers
What Alma Mater gives.

The thought of our school days to us will tell
Of happy times that we have loved so well

Not only for the Latin that we know,
Nor for the Math which to our lot befell,
Nor English gained by patience long and slow
With composition adding to our woe ;

Not for these alone
We call this school our own,
But for those noble inspirations
Turning our inclinations
Toward higher aspirations

Which in ourselves we could not realize.
High standards we shall always carry with us ;
Their value, now, we can appreciate and prize,

But for those best affections,
Those life-long recollections
Which, be whate'er they may,

Are yet the true enjoyment of our way,
Are yet a comfort in our each misgiving,
Uplift, encourage, and help us to make
Our weary life seem really worth the living
In any habitation ; all these wake

A firm endeavor

Which neither discontent in any measure,
Nor time, nor place,
Nor any trials that we needs must face,
Can ever utterly erase ;

So we will keep them as our store of treasure,
That whenever we may roam,
Our thoughts may take us back to that dear home
Which gave us pleasure ;
We'll think of all the blessings it has given,
And remember still our class of nineteen-seven.

MARY VIRGINIA STEGER.

Class Song

TUNE : "Far Away"

Where are now our merry school-mates
We remember long ago,
Arm in arm upon the campus
Whispering secrets soft and low,
Or, with music and with laughter
Making bright the cloudy day?
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away.

Some have gone to states far distant,
And in school-rooms made their home ;
Others in a cozy cottage
Have a school-house all their own.
Some have gone to schools far better,
Longer here they need not stay ;
They have gained a higher knowledge
Far away, far away.

We now, too, our friends are leaving,
There's a tear in every eye,
But we cannot stay here longer,
And we've come to say good-bye.
We know not what lies before us,
Where we're going, who can say?
But our friends we'll still remember
Far away, far away.

Prophecy of the Class of June, 1907

ACT I.

[Scene: Lancaster's woods, near Farinville. Gypsy tent in background, gypsy woman standing in door.]

Enter band of merry girls with picnic baskets.

ALTOGETHER: A gypsy tent! Why, we will have our fortunes told!

FRANK: But is there any money in the crowd?

MARY HOLT: Oh! we have enough now, and even if we didn't, we could go in on our good looks.

HAZEL: And the fact that we are Senior B's.

GYPSY: Just cross my palm with silver and I will all your fortunes read.

ALL: But who will go first?

NANNIE: Janet, you go first. I know you are crazy to have yours told.

JANET: S-u-r-e! But I'll let you have that pleasure.

LUCY RICE: Suppose we let Mother Rachel decide.

MOTHER RACHEL (pointing to FLORA): This is a hard matter to decide, but suppose you come on. How honored this class will be to know that their president has won such fame as the authoress of some great volume.

FRANK: Oh! how grand, Flora, just to think of your being a great writer!

HAZEL: Florence, it is your turn next.

M. RACHEL: You, my child, will spend many weary days in your primary work, but cheer up, this will not last long, for here I see a line which indicates that someone will soon come to claim his own.

CARRIE MASON: Of course, Hazel, you will go after Florence.

M. RACHEL (peering closely at the lines): I see a crowded theater. The audience is enraptured by the charming prima donna, Hazel Thompson. (Aside: She looks like a prima donna, doesn't she? Then takes Molly's hand.) In this same theater you will come before the audience, as one of the famous actresses of the day. (Such a manner of hers will always attract a crowd!)

MARY GLASGOW (turning to Gertrude and Margaret): Come, girls, let us have our fortunes told together. Mother Rachel, what do you prophecy for us?

M. RACHEL: You three girls will do a great work as traveling secretaries for the Y. W. C. A. (Taking Flora Bruce's hand.) And you, as your hand indicates, are very fond of teaching, but I think soon you will enjoy teaching *one* better, and so will marry a country lad, and make an admirable farmer's wife. (Girls hum "Wedding March," and fall into line.)

LOUISE (to Susie): Come, Susie, let this be our time. We don't wish to be last.

M. RACHEL: You two girls will to foreign lands go, and so will be the great missionaries of your class.

ALL: Of course, of course! They'll never be separated!

M. RACHEL: And you, my dear children (examining Clara's, Mae's, and Elizabeth's hands), will with inspiring caps and gowns and from Vassar win your LL. D.

MOLLY: The trio still united!

EDITH: Why, Anne, I am surprised that you haven't been before. Go on and let Mother Rachel read your future. (Anne, laughing as usual, extended her palm.)

M. RACHEL: You will take a course somewhere else and—

CARRIE: Oh! and then she will (Wade) through all sorts of experiences.

BELLE GILLIAM: Come on, Nellie (Moreland), you and Sallie and Sue.

M. RACHEL: In a hospital, far away, I see you three going in and out among the soldiers, discharging your duties faithfully.

ALL: Noble girls! noble girls!

MOLLY: Crutie, haven't you had your fortune told yet? I'm surprised. You go on first (pointing to Julia Kent, Carrie Kyle and Nellie Johnson) and have your futures revealed. You hang back so, you must be afraid she is going to tell you that you will all be old maids.

M. RACHEL: I now see a crowded room, not a theater, but a ball-room; you four are among the dancers, and many eyes turn toward you. [They dance around.] Why, by your palms (speaking to Clara Fallwell, Myrtle Rea, Rebecca Vaughan and Annie Reynolds) I can readily tell that you will, as teachers, go to some large college.

NAN: Time is flying, and lunch will soon be ready, so let's hurry. Janet, you, Belle and Carrie, go on.

M. RACHEL: The lines in all three hands indicate that you will make a success in art (then dropping Belle's); you two will also study music. How soon you will recognize the fame of this one (turning to Janet) as the illustrator of the novel of your authoress (Flora).

FRANK: By the illustrations we shan't know whether Charles Dana Gibson illustrated it or Janet Duvall.

MARY STEGER: And we should not be surprised to find one of Carrie's masterpieces adorning the Corcoran Art Gallery. Where are the kindergarten girls? Go on, Lucy and Mary. I see that the kindergarten babies are getting impatient.

M. RACHEL: You shall both go off and take another course; then you will open a kindergarten for yourself.

LUCY (pushing Edith): Here's the other "tot."

M. RACHEL: Your talent lies in another direction. You will go to another school and perfect yourself in your favorite line of study—music.

SEVERAL: I don't believe that! I've seen two much!

NAN: May I go next?

M. RACHEL (pondering over the perplexities of the lines): One would think that you would follow the vocation of two of your other members. But no! Now your whole future is revealed

to me! How pleased the members of your class will be when they read the announcement: "Nan Nicholson, a noted elocutionist, will recite before a large audience to-night."

CARRIE KYLE: Alice, it is needless for you to show your hand; I can read your future myself.

ALICE: No, indeed, you shan't cheat me out of my fortune! Proceed, Mother Rachel.

M. RACHEL: You, my dear, will to foreign lands go, not as a missionary nor as a Red Cross nurse, but as a pleasure seeker, with a handsome man.

ONE GIRL: Take me as your maid—do, Alice.

BELLE GILLIAM: Well, there goes Lizzie Davis, at last.

M. RACHEL: You shall have a brilliant career, as the coach of the basket-ball teams of a large school, I should say the Normal. (Turning to Caroline Bayley, Clara Fallwell, and Lillian Jones) You are the other brides of the party, I imagine (examines their hands). Yes, yes; I can see the lines, which indicate that you will "live happy ever after."

JOSIE BAKER: Let's hurry up, for it is almost twelve o'clock, and I am almost starving.

ROBERTA ALLEEN: No, indeed! Louise, see what can be done for you three (meaning Belle and Ethel).

M. RACHEL: You like to study—I should say—sciences.

JOSIE: Yes, and some day you will see Belle, Louise and Ethel working in some large laboratory.

MOLLIE: And getting their beauty spoiled by an explosion!

LOUISE (turning to Josie): Since you are in such a hurry, I think you had better go next.

JOSIE (to Roberta): All right. Come on, Roberta.

M. RACHEL: Why, here are two who will travel also, but not for mere pleasure. They will act as companions for some wealthy people.

HAZEL: Well, I do declare! Everyone has peeped into the future but Mary Steger and Frank Jones.

FRANK: Well, Mary, come on. We are last—but not least, are we?

RACHEL (to Mary): You will awake one morning to find yourself made famous by your poems. And for you (taking Frank's hand) I prophecy long life and success, for you, too, will be an actress.

NAN: Well! Have we finished at last? What a wonderful set we are!

ALL: Oh, Mother Rachel! Three cheers for Mother Rachel!

MARGARET TUCKER: We are fully convinced that these prophecies will be fulfilled!

GERTRUDE: And for fear you might forget what class this is, we'll sing you one of our class songs.

FLORA: And give you some of our lunch!

BERYL MORRIS.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of June, 1907

WE, THE CLASS of June, 1907, of the State Normal School, in the town of Farmville, Prince Edward County, in the Commonwealth of Virginia, being in our right minds, do know full well that the most valuable gifts have long since been bequeathed to those for whom they seem most fitting, but being about to depart this school life, and realizing that we are expected to give away everything that we have, and more that we have not, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

ITEM I. To Dr. Jarman, our honorary member, we bequeath the esteem and affection of the entire class, and the sincere regret that we cannot always receive his words of advice and encouragement; to Miss Andrews, in appreciation of her kindness and untiring interest, we dedicate "The Virginian."

ITEM II. To Miss Whiting we leave a still larger elective class in Shakespeare, one that can master the entire works of the great dramatist in two weeks; to Miss Crawley, three hundred and sixty-five successive Saturdays in which there need be no thought of teaching; to Miss Vennie Cox, all the holidays she wants.

ITEM III. To Miss Harrison we bequeath "a perfectly grand time" this summer; to Miss Snow, a stoutly bound volume of Farmer's Bulletins for Nature Study Work, also a fraternity pin all her own.

ITEM IV. For Miss Smithy we provide better facilities for entertaining her French and German classes; to Miss Rice, we leave an ever increasing Mission Study Class who will pay their dues on time.

ITEM V. To Miss Haliburton, another Page to run on errands; to Miss Woodruff, English teachers to take the place of Flora and Elizabeth, and Grace Walton continued; to Miss Pierce, a phonograph to say "Left right!"

ITEM VI. To Miss Dugger and Miss Taliaferro we bequeath in loving remembrance, a set of reference books that may sometimes be charged out to the Seniors; to Miss Dunn, an automatic pen replacer and pencil sharpener, and another general substitute for her grades.

ITEM VII. To Dr. Winston we give an elevator to take him to and from the infirmary, and a pneumatic tube by which he may send up his medicines promptly; to Miss Thraves, a trip to Lynchburg; to Miss Coulling we leave a class who can reach her ideal in the line of lettering, the decorative treatment of plant forms, and who can key colors to produce pleasing effects.

ITEM VIII. To Mr. Mattoon, who can make everything he wants and has everything he has ever made, there are fine things to leave. With some misgivings, however, we bequeath to his tender mercy another constructive geometry class.

ITEM IX. To Mr. Bidgood, we bequeath a coat made entirely of pockets, so that he may always find a convenient place for his hands; to Miss Watkins, the regret that we could not know her better.

ITEM X. Upon Miss Blackiston we bestow enough modern methods of teaching arithmetic to satisfy her inquiring mind; to Miss Winston, all the worn out phono-

graphs, telephones and dynamos in this and adjoining counties, for her physical laboratory.

ITEM XI. For Mrs. Jamison and Mrs. Morris, we have ordered a houseful of girls who will always look forward with eagerness to Monday dinners; to Miss Mary White Cox we bequeath the love of all the girls, as she has had it in the past; to Mrs. Brooks, a regret that she has been with us so little this term.

ITEM XII. To Miss London we leave a new whisk-broom; to Miss Long, a door through which she may enter her class room directly from the front campus; to Dr. Jones, classes who can write original papers on ideational-algedonic-motor phenomena.

ITEM XIII. We bequeath to Miss Blandy a bungalow somewhere in Farmville, so that she may keep house happily all to herself; to Miss Lancaster, a bunch of violets and several vacant periods each day, during which time she may receive callers in her class room; to Dr. Messenger, a book of plays for the Literary Societies, and stage settings that will not require nailing. We bestow upon Mrs. Thackston, Mrs. Newby and Miss Allen many thanks for their unremitting kindness during our stay here.

ITEM XIV. To Dr. Millidge we leave a class room facing north, and plenty of anecdotes to tell his classes; to Miss Tabb, all the schedules, matriculation blanks, and the names of all the girls for the coming year in alphabetical order.

ITEM XV. To Miss Hills, a larger office, so that she will not need to go out of doors to think; to Miss Waterbury, we bequeath freedom from all music tests, and a drive every day in the year.

ITEM XVI. We give and bequeath to Miss Hiner and Miss Sutherland a book of sentences which will not need to be recast; to Miss Cary, eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and feet that in the midnight watches will unwillingly carry her through these halls.

ITEM XVII. To Mr. Cox we leave the hope that he will be to the other girls what he has been to us; to the new Senior B's, the pleasure and air of importance which come from attending Seminar; to our beloved Alma Mater we leave a picture, "Apollo and the Muses."

We hereby constitute Belle Beryl Brosius executor of this our last will and testament; in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal, this third day of June, nineteen hundred and seven.

CLASS OF JUNE, 1907, OF THE
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Witnesses:

ELIZABETH DAVIS.
ALICE CASTLE.



Limericks

There was a small girl at the Normal,
Who, every one said, was too formal:
When met in the hall,
She never would squall
"Hello!" as they do at the Normal.

GORDON BASKERVILLE.

There was a team called "Green"—
'Twas once the best e'er seen;
But now basket-ball
They can't play at all,
So they feel extremely mean.

RUTH REED.

There was a young lady named Mary,
Who always acted contrary;
She wouldn't go to bed
At the time that was said,
So was often "sat on" by Miss Cary.

LIZZIE TRICE

There is a young maiden named Fitz,
Who has gradually lost all her witz,
For the teachers of Math.
Makes life a hard path,
And the maiden is wearing to bitz.

ELLEN RIVES.

To the Seniors of dear S. N. S.—
"Work hard, and then take a rest;
And then after the Fair
You can teach anywhere,
At a hundred a month—more or less.

EVELYN WILSON.





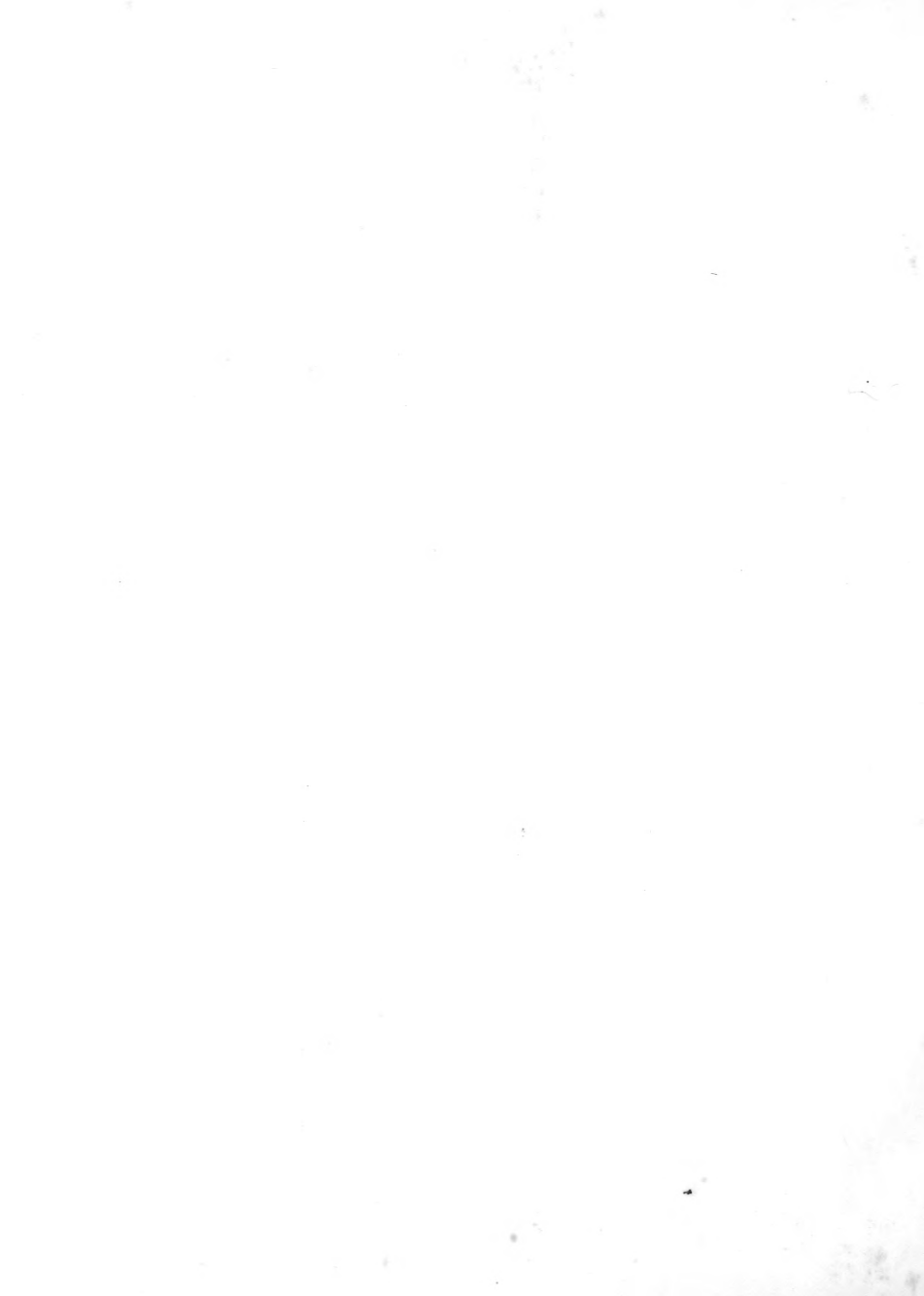
Flora Clendenin Thompson

Writer of Prize Story



Bessie Eleanor Sampson

Writer of Prize Poem



How Clara was Conquered

[PRIZE STORY.]

THERE were seven of us at the round table in the Seminary dining-room that winter. We were a merry set, and all the other girls in school envied us. The round table itself was something to covet. The other tables were long and rectangular. Their sharp corners and straight lines seemed to make the girls rather formal, but at our little circular board we were informal and gay. Then, too, we had Jessica. That was almost more than the girls could bear. To have both Jessica and the round table was more bliss than is allotted to mortals, they thought.

Jessica was one of these fascinating girls whom everybody pets and loves, and the girls adored her. Her word was law among them, they had no greater pleasure than to carry out her wishes. I think we of the round table loved her more than the other girls did. The crispest piece of toast always managed to fall to her, and when Jennie carved the meat, Jessica's plate always happened to be at hand when the choicest bit was served. It was not only in the dining-room that Jessica was so favored. There was somebody at leisure on Saturday when she cleaned her room, and, as house-cleaning is such a delightful occupation, of course she had plenty of help. When she dressed to go out, there was somebody near by who willingly laid out her clothes, and more willingly helped her put them on. Jessica accepted these services gratefully, protestingly, and sometimes, it must be confessed, indifferently. But the pretty way in which she thanked us made up for her indifference, and her protests only made us wish to do more.

One day when the round table was particularly merry, Miss Alton appeared with Clara. We looked at our principal imploringly, for we were selfish with our good times, and did not care to share them. But the looks were useless, and Clara became a member of the round table. We could no longer say with the little girl in the reader, "Oh, Master, we are seven." We were decidedly eight, for the newcomer was not a person to be ignored. In a way, we liked her. She was an independent, sensible girl, who entered rather heartily into our fun. She did not seem to share our devotion to Jessica, though we did not care about that at first.

The trouble began the day we had egg-bread. There was only one "corner piece" on the plate, and Clara helped herself to that. As she was taking it, Jennie whispered, "Jessica likes the 'corner piece.'"

"So do I," Clara replied, coolly, as she went on with her breakfast.

We looked aghast at this disregard of our pet's wishes, though Jessica herself was so busy over her oatmeal that she had not heard a word. After that we noticed that

Clara often broke our unwritten laws. We took pains to show our displeasure, and one day when Jessica was dining out she took us to task.

"You are such foolish girls!" she broke out, without any preface. We looked up in astonishment, and asked why she thought so.

"You are such slaves to Jessica," she replied. "You wait upon her, you give up to her, you slave for her, day and night, as though she were a princess instead of a simple girl like the rest of us. You needn't try to make me do it, too. I like Jessica well enough, but I'm not going to be her slave. I never expect to go out of my way to do anything for her," she ended vehemently.

Not love Jessica, who seemed to have been made for that especial purpose! It was preposterous! Every other girl in school loved her. Our anger was aroused, and we determined to conquer Clara. We would make her love Jessica. It seemed, however, that Clara was quite as determined as we were. She would not be conquered, and a coolness grew up between us. Had it not been for Jessica's ignorance of the trouble, the round table would have lost some of its old gaiety, but she kept us together.

About this time a great misfortune came upon Jessica. She tore a long rent in her pretty evening dress. She was lamenting the fact at the dinner table. "The dreadful part is that I haven't a piece of the goods," she said, "and as the color is unusual, I am afraid I can't match it. I can never mend the dress nicely without the under piece to hold the darn in place. I'll do it poorly enough, anyway," she ended, despairingly.

I knew that Clara could darn beautifully; but, remembering her positive declaration of the past month, I dared not make the suggestion that came into my mind. I did venture, however, to say to Jessica, "Clara has a scarf that is exactly like your dress. Perhaps she could spare a piece of that."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Jessica, promptly; "I shouldn't want her to cut it. Pray don't think of doing it, Clara."

"I shall not," replied Clara grimly.

Jessica had the kindest heart in the world, and loved peace and good feeling more than most girls do. We were not surprised that she noticed the coolness between us and Clara, and spoke of it. That very evening "the seven" were sitting out by the old box hedge, and she began quite frankly, "Girls, I think we do not treat Clara as we should. I've noticed a coolness lately, though I don't know where the trouble lies. I do know that we leave her out of our fun. We must do better."

I heard a stir on the other side of the hedge, and somebody ran across the campus. Nobody else noticed it.

We wished very much to carry out our plan of conquering Clara, and were loath to promise to do better. When Jessica pressed us, though, rather than tell her the story, we gave our word.

The next night Miss Dabney entertained the Mandolin Club, and, as Jessica was in-

vited, Jennie and Ruth and I went to her room to help her dress. I brought out the blue gown, which I had darned. I felt rather ashamed of my handiwork, and asked them not to examine it before it was donned. When Jessica was ready, Jennie made her stand in the middle of the floor for inspection. She looked at the skirt for a moment, and then, turning to me, exclaimed, "What a fibber you are, Mary! That mending is beautifully done. The darn looks like a mere flaw in the goods. You just wanted us to say it was well done!"

"You are the fibber!" I retorted. "Turn around, Jessica, so the light will fall on you. Let her look again."

When the light fell on the skirt, I saw that Jennie was right. The darn did look like a mere flaw in the material, but it was not my work. I stooped down to examine it. There it was, a beautiful piece of mending. The ragged edges had been carefully drawn together, and were held in place by the daintiest, tiniest stitches. On the under side, to hold the darn firm and fast, was a strip of soft blue goods, of the exact shade and texture of the dress.

I looked up at Jennie and Ruth. They were gazing at each other in amazement. I bent down again to hide a triumphant smile, for I remembered the girl who ran across the campus in dusk.

FLORA CLENDENIN THOMPSON.



Butterflies

[PRIZE POEM]

Airy, fairylike, beautiful things,
Floating around on silken wings—
What is so fair in earth or sky
As a dainty, drifting butterfly?

Some there are of purest white,
Easily marked in their lazy flight ;
Others there are of varied hue,
On flower or leaf they hide from you.

If, by some sweet flower, they're charmed,
Let them sip away, unharmed,
And when, again they'd flutter by,
Pray, don't crush the butterfly!

Beautiful, fragile butterfly !
What better do you typify,
Than longings of the human mind ?
What nearer kinsman would you find ?

Like you, our hopes and longings rise,
Ever fluttering toward the skies ;
Fluttering, falling, and rising again,
Quickly responding to joy and pain.

Some butterfly hopes are stainless white,
Gathering strength in the warm sunlight ;
Others are splashed with a glory of gold,
And colors of purpose manifold.

Little hopes, like butterfly wings,
Are easily crushed, such fragile things!
Let them soar toward the sky,
Don't dare to crush the butterfly!

Don't crush a trusting, child-like heart,
And make the beauty all depart,
Give the sympathy it needs,
Change noble thoughts to noble deeds.

Once you drive the fairy out,
In place of faith may come a doubt,
So, as the host goes fluttering by,
Don't crush a single butterfly!

BESSIE E. SAMFSON.





Impressions of the Training School

The First

It was the last term before we went into the Training School. We felt the dignity of the position, and we realized keenly the hard work it involved. We struggled over grammar and other public school branches, but always we remembered that soon we should be through with these, and then came the Training School. How inviting it looked with its pretty class rooms! We thought with pleasure that our first school-rooms were fitted with all the things necessary to modern teaching. We should revel in sand boards filled with cool, damp molding sand. We should delight ourselves with maps and globes, with many blackboards, all adjusted to the height of the children. We should perform many experiments with the simple apparatus provided.

Then there were the children. Dear little things they seemed! How attentive and eager they were in the model lessons! We assured ourselves that it would be a pleasure to teach them.

The supervisors seemed to be charming women. We felt that we should enjoy knowing them, and, indeed, be it confessed, that they should enjoy knowing us, for were we not fresher from the study of methods than they?

The Second

The eventful day had come—just how eventful it was to be, a merciful Providence had not revealed, and we went out early to greet the children. They came, troops of them. We had not realized before how many there were. Such noisy, inquisitive youngsters! How could any human beings ask so many provoking, unnecessary questions? Nor did they respect our dignity. They almost ran over us sometimes; they called loudly to us across the room; they demanded that we tell them this or that. When the lessons began, matters were even worse. The carefully written lesson plans could not be adhered to strictly. The children would ask questions that we had not thought of before.

The sand from the sand board spilled over on the floor. Who ever invented such things, anyhow? They were only nuisances. The bad little boy broke the glass cup in which we had intended to plant seeds for the nature study class. Surely the theories demanding test tubes and glass cups for classroom use were wrong. They only distracted the attention of the children. We would have no more of them.

The supervisors sat calm and wise and stern in the back of the room, and watched our every movement. What power they had to make one forget!

The dreadful day dragged on to a close, and,—the next was like unto it. We did not like the Training School, we did not love the children, and we did not wish the acquaintance of anybody who knew as much as those supervisors.

The Child

It was one afternoon when the term was more than half over. The children had just marched out to the steady beat of the triangle, and we had stayed behind to put the room in order. The case door was wide open. Margaret, the mischievous, troublesome child of the grade, had left it so. She usually did things like that, we thought, with a sigh. But then her grades on deportment and neatness had been better lately. Perhaps after all we were getting a hold on her. We passed Will's desk. His geography lay there. It was strange that he should have forgotten it, he was so interested in it. We fell to dreaming of the day when he should be a great man in the geographical world, and we should say proudly that we taught him. We passed on to pick up a piece of paper under Susie's desk. She was a dull child, but that day she had mastered a hard point. What a pleasure it had been to help her!

Suddenly there came to us the realization that it was a pleasure to help all of the children. We knew that though we had hardships and failures, we loved our work and our children. It was a privilege to see them develop, to give them a broader knowledge of books. Sometimes it was even granted us to show them a higher, sweeter view of life.

We heard the supervisor's step in the hall, and our thoughts instantly went out to her. It was she who had taught us how to teach and how to control the children. We realized that even her criticisms, though just and honest, had been kind. All at once, we knew that we loved her, too, for was she not also a woman who had for her life-work the training of little children? She came in, and our eyes met. She was a woman who understood, and in that brief glance she saw the sweet revelation of the purpose and earnestness of a teacher's life that had come to us. Together we looked out into the fresh spring world, thinking long, long thoughts.



Class of January, 1908

Motto

" True to the end. "

Colors

Olive Green and Gold

Flower

Chrysanthemum

Officers

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	LOCKETT WALTON
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	REBECCA MANN
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	-	LOIS WATKINS
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	-	FANNIE CHRISTIAN

Members

Ruby Berry

Emma Blanton

Virginia Blanton

Katherine Britton

Vernie Blankinship

Fannie Christian

Willie Hurd

Helen Jordan

Eleanor Jamison

Annie Lancaster

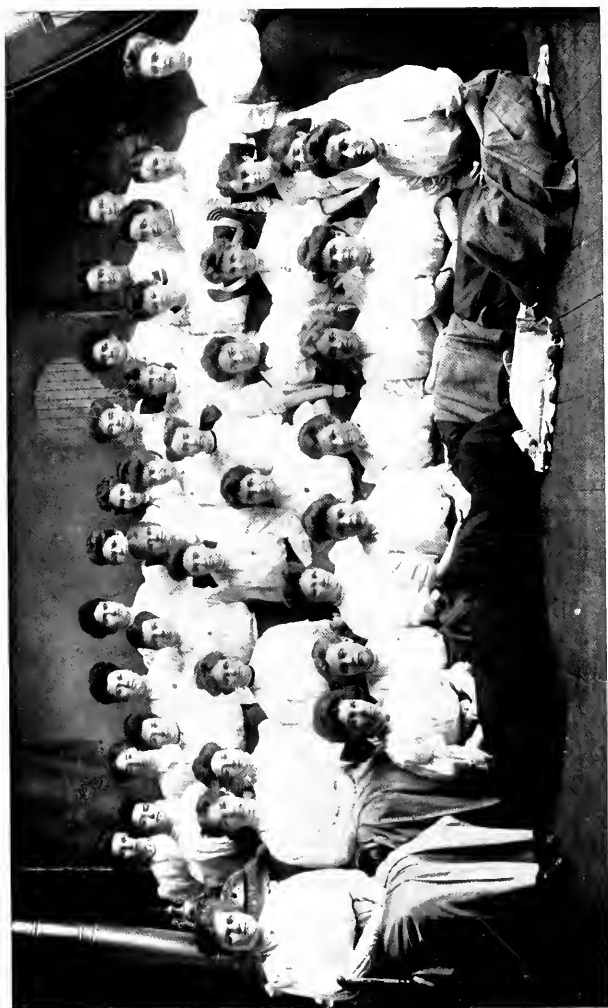
Rebecca Mann

Chloe Snow

Lockett Walton

Lois Watkins





Class of June, 1908

Motto

"Ever onward."

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Colors

Black and Gold

Officers

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	MARY HENLEY SPENCER
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	BESSIE SAMPSON
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	EUGENIA BEVERLY ANDREWS
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	MABEL M. MORAN

Class Roll

Beverly Andrews	Molly Mauzy
Mary Blanchard	Hallie McCormick
Mattie Bowles	Fannie Moore
Frances Brinkley	Mabel Moran
Claire Burton	Virginia Nelson
Margaret Clay	Georgia Newby
Grace Clements	Kate Perry
Janie Cook	Mildred Price
Leth Duncanson	Mary Read
Emma Farish	Mamie Rowe
Geraldine Fitzgerald	Bessie Sampson
Nora Garrett	Karlle Savage
Virginia Garrison	Rebecca C. Slemper
Grace Graham	Eleanor Southall
Myrtle Grenels	Julia Spain
Maud Hannabass	Mary Spencer
Ida Hassell	Alma Taylor
Elizabeth Haynes	Maggie Taylor
Mary Horner	Mary Tucker
Imogen Hutter	Mary Watkins
Byrdie Jones	Kate Watkins
Emily Lewelling	Pearl Wingate



May Day in the Kindergarten

OF all the festivals of the year, none is greeted with more real joy among the tiny kindergarten tots than May Day. It is a pleasure to recall the enthusiasm, the genuine happiness and at the same time the seriousness with which each little child entered into the celebration of last May Day.

Their small part in the festivities was very great to them. For days beforehand we heard them saying among themselves how grand it would be to take part in something with the "upstairs" children.

The exercises took place on the west lawn, where a platform and a May pole had been erected, and long rows of chairs placed for the audience.

The children had been told that on May Day they need not come to kindergarten until ten o'clock, a whole hour later than usual. Nevertheless, eight o'clock found a good many little ones already beginning to assemble. How dear they did look! Each little girl dressed in a crisp new frock with dainty ribbons flying, and each little boy in a fresh white suit and new shoes and stockings. How eagerly all ran to greet each arrival, and compare the various "new things!"

Before very long, though, the novelty of seeing and showing "new things" wore off, and the children were impatient to begin; not less impatient were we kindergartners who found it trying on the nerves to keep thirty-odd children looking fresh and smooth for two hours.

To add to the general feeling of excitement, the mothers and babies and sisters and brothers, and even a few of the papas began to arrive. This would have bred excitement under any circumstances.

It seemed as if ten o'clock would never come. But it did, at last, and found our nerves and the children's clothes in not such a deplorable state of being, after all.

The chord was struck and sixteen little girls and boys, each carrying a May basket, joined hand, two and two, and singing, "Come and skip with me," skipped merrily out to the scene of action and took their seats in a circle. Then came eight little brownies, which was a signal for the Brownie Game. All the other children went to sleep while the busy brownies worked and danced and sang. The little fairies came too, each with a sprinkler, and as they sang the Flower Garden song they tipped around pretending to sprinkle each flower which the other children had made with their hands. They also sang the dainty Butterfly Song, and the sparkling May Day song. Then when each had proudly presented to mother a dainty May basket, their pretty little part was over.

G. I. B.

A Recipe for a Baby

With the rippling of the streamlet
As it hurries to the sea,
Mix the cooing of the wood-dove,
Rising, falling, joyously;
Add the sweetness of the rose-vine,
Trailing, straggling up the wall,
And put in the varying voices
Of the leaping water-fall.

Add to these the soft, sweet murmurs
Of a bird that woos his mate;
The glints of golden cloudlets
Peeping through the sunset's gate:
Season with the scattered sunshine,
Beams and rays of rosy light;
Heat with the warmth of a thousand kisses,
And you have the baby bright.

—BESSIE PAULETT

Class of January, 1909

Motto

"The half has not yet been told."

Flower

Violet

Colors

Lavender and Champagne

Officers

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	JESSIE NIDERMAIER
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	LUCY ROBINS
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	MINNIE BLANTON
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	BESSIE ANDERSON

Class Roll

Bessie Anderson	Blanche Nidermaier
Martha Blanton	Jessie Nidermaier
Minnie Blanton	Susie Noel
Mildred Davis	Esther Owens
Wirt Davidson	Lucy Robins
Eugenia Fallwell	Helen Steed
Isabelle Flournoy	Susan Stone
Mattie Fretwell	Lula Sutherland
Geraldine Graham	Graham Trent
Bernice Howard	Vedah Watson
Isabelle Harrison	Happy Wilder





Class of June, 1909

(OLD CATALOGUE)

Motto

"Live until you die."

Colors

Pale Blue and Silver

Flower

Forget-me-not

Officers

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	MARY PIERCE
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	SUE RUFFIN
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	ANTOINETTE NIDERMAIER
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	MARGARET DAVIS

Members

Lizzie Batten	Kate Fulton
Camilla Bedinger	Annie Garrow
Clarice Bersch	Ethel Hubbard
Annie Bidgood	Louise Jones
Carrie Bliss	Mariam Jones
Lillian Bland	Annie McLean
Carrie Caruthers	Antoinette Nidermaier
Lizzie Caldwell	Winnie Parsons
Hallie Chrisman	Annie Patterson
Hannah Chapman	Katherine Pennybacker
Jennie Cluverius	Mabel Peterson
Hattie Cox	Mary Pierce
Margaret Davis	Mildred Richardson
Kyle Davis	Lillian Rose
Mary Dupuy	Sue Ruffin
Maggie Ewing	Frances Stoner
Hunter Tatum	

Twelve of the Most Popular Recipes

FROM THE THIRD B PRACTICAL COOK-BOOK

An Athletic Girl

Take a large amount of solid muscle, some pluck sifted well of all fear of danger, and stir together, adding a little mannishness. When done, coat well with a tanned skin and plenty of freckles, and garnish with a tennis racket and a basket ball.

—RICHIE McCRAW.

A Popular Girl

To a bright face and an attractive manner, add two pounds of interest, one pound of sympathy, two pounds of ready speech, two ounces of energy and industry, and two pounds of humor. Mix well, season with a bit of mischief, and serve three times a day for nine months.

—ANNE CLARKE.

A Schedule Committee Member

To a "pleasant-spoken" woman add a scheming mind, a large quantity of patience, and untiring energy. Stir in a dash of partiality for yourself, and flavor with sympathy. Set aside in a quiet room to cool, then serve, being sure to help yourself first.

—ELLEN RIVES.

A Latin Test

Take the principal parts of all the verbs, and mix thoroughly with all the moods and tenses, after six hours of "cramming;" season to taste with the *oratio obliqua*, and you will be sure to have a distracting dish.

—OTTIE LEFTWICH

A "Pitched" Girl

Fifty ounces of skipping classes, twenty of listlessness and inattention, and one-half ounce of genuine study, mixed well in a strong solution of unexcused absences; add five ounces of loitering on the campus and in the halls, season with one pound of n-o-t-e-s and one-half dozen n-o-t-s, and let the whole simmer until the end of the term; then stir in a peck of trouble and a gallon of tears. This recipe is often tried, and will never fail if properly proportioned and thoroughly mixed.

—LILLIAN BYRD

A Girl Worth While

To just an everyday girl, whose heart is not set on curls and dimples, add one hundred grains of common sense, one hundred grains of desire for knowledge, and ten grains of "gumption;" then put in fun enough to enjoy a good joke, energy enough to try when all things seem to go wrong, and enough will power to make a consistent mixture. Stir all together, let settle, and skim off conceit. Season with the "oil of gladness," the extract of kindness, and the essence of gentleness, and you will have the most perfect creation of its kind.

—OUIDA HUMBERT.

A Case

Two dimpled cheeks, and a laugh,
Of the loveliest hair a pound and a half;
Add to these two eyes of blue,
A great big heart to beat for you,
A dash of fun, a mouth just right,
Two round, white arms to hold you tight,
A slender body full of grace,
And you will have the dearest "case!"

—MARIETTA KING.

A Favorite Teacher

Take six ounces of smiles, four ounces of pleasant greetings, one ounce of leniency, six pounds of patience, twelve pounds of the power to explain, three pounds of personal interest in the girls, and four ounces of spare time to talk to them. Mix well, and flavor to taste with good looks, if desired.

—MARJORIE THOMPSON.

A Composition

Mix well a pound of dread, a half pound of worry, a quarter of a pound of borrowed trouble, and a handful of groans; then add a pint of determination to find the way, and allow some time for dissolving. Next put in a half pound of clear thinking, a cupful each of originality and an earnest desire to do your best. Put the whole between two layers of hard-ground knowledge, place over the fire of enthusiasm until thoroughly warmed, sprinkle with a flavoring of hope, allow to cool, serve on two sheets of theme paper, and you have—success.

—MARGARET HARRISON.

A "Gym Skipper"

Mix thoroughly a mind productive of excuses, several bad headaches, a sprained ankle, a pinch of toothache well mixed with "nerve," a great deal of good humor accustomed to being "sat upon," a fluent stream of language, flavored well with indifference to notes.

—SUSAN HALL.

English P's

Tried by the Normal School girls, and guaranteed never to fail, except in June, July and August.

- 1 hard test,
- 1 night to study,
- 1 dozen visitors, added at different times.

Mix by 9:30, and let stand all night.

In the morning add

- 1 mistake of the alarm clock, the size of three hours,
- 1 room to clean.

At nine o'clock, take to a class-room and add

- 1 blank paper,
- 1 strict teacher.

The results will be prompt, and will reach the highest expectations.

RUTH REDD.

A Senior B

Mix nine pounds of worry, five pounds of hurry,
And a brain that is strong and clear,
Fifty-four plans with only two hands,
And a patience that all must call dear ;
Eight pounds of hustle, six pounds of muscle,
And a smile that stands wear and tear ;
A half pound of rule for each term of school,
And full thirty pounds of care ;
Ten pounds of teaching, with twenty of reaching
For facts that will help her to pass ;
Two pounds of rest, and twelve pounds of test,
Then stir to a peach and cream lass.
This mixture you see is a Senior B,
Now you may believe it or not,
But if seasoned with tresses and pretty white dresses,
In June, it is fine when served hot.

IRMA PHILLIPS.



Causes of Failure in School

A SYMPOSIUM

Knowing things, but not being able to tell them.

Excessive fondness for novel reading.

Sometimes natural-born laziness, but never, never, lack of sense !

Scientific study of the *genus homo*, to the exclusion of all else.

Taking the "rest cure" in the infirmary too often and too long.

The spitefulness of teachers who just wouldn't pass you, anyhow, even if you did good work.

An ordinary girl's trying to do as much as two extraordinary girls should undertake.

Inability of the teachers to understand your thoughts.

Being so terribly afraid of a teacher that it scares you to death to recite.

Studying certain teachers more than the subjects taught.

Spending too much time before the mirror preparing for the parlor branches of study.

The singular forgetfulness of teachers who think that you have nobody else's work to do but theirs.

"Spooning" with our "cases" !!!

The injustice of the faculty in not being disposed to excuse you when you wish to gaze out of the window and think the "long, long thoughts of youth," rather than those of geometry, composition, or physics.

The deplorable failure of the faculty to appreciate the real value of the promenade course in geology, which takes intense interest in the paving stones of Farmville.

The Night Before Christmas

My face is brown but not with years,
For it was white
Until last night,
When paint went on in dusky smears.
My limbs are stiff though not with toil,
Nor with a sleeper's vile repose,
For I have been temptation's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom rough riot and cool night air,
Though barred and banned are wondrous fair.
And this is why I say in faith,
I ventured out, though scared to death.
Bananas, apples, candy, cake,
Gym-suited spectres like mortals take ;
Tune up your lungs, now start the race,
'Tis dark, who can our yelling trace?
Fifty-seven who howl as one !
She being hid, our matron sage,
Scarcely had the rush begun,
Ran us in a treach'rous cage,
Most were caught—their fates were sealed—
Half past three, clear seemed the field.
Stop! a figure I espied,
Standing there, I almost died,
For I had all my foes defied,
And now when all the racket's past
Behold this wretch is nabbed at last.

MARY STEPHENS, '09.



Class of June, 1909

(New Catalogue.)

Motto

" Hitch your wagon to a star "

Colors

Green and Gold

Flower

Buttercup

Officers

MARY STEPHENS	-	-	-	-	President
BLANCHE GENTRY	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MAMIE JONES	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ETHEL MILLS	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Roll

Nellie Boatwright	Louise J. Jones
Ophelia Bray	Mamie Jones
Margaret Brown	Ida King
Alice Carter	Ethel La Bayteaux
Sudie Davis	Ethel Mills
Lillie Delp	Mary Perkins
Sallie Fitzgerald	Flossie Rawlings
Blanche Gentry	Maria Shugert
Martha Hoy	Nellie Smith
Adele Hundley	Mary Stephens

Our Artists

Thomas Mitchell Pierce	Mr. J. C. Mattoon	Mrs. J. L. Bugg
Mary Davidson	Emily Llewelling	Louisa Tatum
Carrie Mason	Ola Lee Abbott	Mollie Mauzy

Class of June, 1910

Motto:

THE PALM IS NOT WON WITHOUT EFFORT

Colors:

OLD GOLD AND BLUE

Flower:

FORGET-ME-NOT

Officers

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH REDD
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARJORIE THOMPSON
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELLIE NELSON
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	OLA ABBITT

Class Roll

Ola Abbitt
Elise Anderson
Gillette Bagby
Gordon Baskervill
Kathleen Baldwin
Campbell Berkeley
Nannie Bennett
Mae Briggs
Peachy Brownley
Nellie Bristow
Marshall Buckner
Agnes Burger
Belle Burke
Mary Burton
Cora Brooking
Mary Brooking
Lillian Byrd
Lottie Carrington
Pearl Clark

Anne Clark
Flora Chaney
Georgie Creekmore
Mabel Davidson
Elva Davies
Marion Enos
Mabel Foster
Ada Gordon
Maria Gresham
Margaret Harrison
Susan Hall
Lelia Hatcher
Mary Hiscock
Sarah Johns
Charley Jones
Marietta King
Ottie Leftwich
Bettie McDonald
L. E. Maxey



Class Roll—Continued

Pearl Matthews	Kathleen Saville
Richie McCraw	Fannie Scates
Lila McGehee	Louisa Tatem
Ruby Miller	Lottie Thorpe
Olive Myers	Catherine Taylor
Margery Mayes	Marjorie Thompson
Constance Nock	Elizabeth Trice
Ellie Nelson	Mary Turpin
Bessie Paulett	Mildred Tucker
Julia Paulett	Eva Walters
Mary Paxton	Alice Ware
Helen Potts	Emily Ward
Eugenia Reader	Margaret White
Ruth Redd	Beulah Williamson
Ellen Rives	Evelyn Wilson
Frances Sadler	Lucy Woolfolk
Judith Saville	Grace Wyatt



Share-holders

"GOOD MORNIN', MISS BETTY. Ain't dis jes' a b'u'ful day? I was tellin' 'Liza Jane as we come er-long jes' now dat it did 'pear lak to me dat all dis sunshine ought to make de young wheat grow an' spread tell it didn't know itself. I think we's gwine hev a fine crap dis year. Dat is what I come to see er-bout to-day. De ole harrar is done clean wo' out, an' dat crap is jes' got to be harred ag'in. Kin I go in dar an' speak to de doctor? I don't lak to bother him, but——"

The old man stood outside the back door waiting for permission to speak to "de doctor." At a glance one could recognize Martin as one of those old-time "slavery" negroes whose most distinguishing characteristic is his respect for the "white folks."

He held his old felt hat in his hands behind him, his head was bowed, and his whole attitude was one of marked deference.

As he had come to town, he was dressed in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes. His once black suit, now verging on green, seemed unusually clean, and a closer view would reveal unmistakable traces of soap and water. The coat, which seemed to have been made to fit a man of twice his size, was of the swallow-tail kind, and reached a length of at least two-thirds of his five feet ten inches. His trousers, though drawn high up under his arms, on account of their remarkable length, lay in folds about the ankle and covered the whole heel of his big brogans. On the left leg of the trousers was a jagged tear, which had been neatly darned—the tear at once suggestive, to an imaginative mind, of a hen-house and a spirited watch-dog.

Martin was one of the so-called tenants of Dr. Mason's farm, or, as Martin expressed it, "he worked on she'res," and so was continually coming on some errand similar to the one of this morning.

It was unlucky for Martin that Miss Betty answered his knock in person, and he realized this. Now as he glanced at her he thought to himself that he should like to be going. But he had said he must speak to the doctor about the harrow.

"I don't lak to bother him, but——"

"No; he's gone out, so you'll not bother him," broke in Mrs. Mason, sharply. "But, Martin, I have wanted to speak to you for some time, so just come in here for a few minutes."

He threw his hat into the corner and followed her into the hall, but stood wher he could keep his eye on 'Liza Jane and the mule. Mrs. Mason sat down to a small table, opened one of the drawers, and took out a paper, which she looked at every now and then.

"You know you are supposed to be working on shares, and that Dr. Mason's share is a fourth of all you make. You have worked fifty acres of land for three years, and this is what we have received: one barrel of apples, three bushels of sweet potatoes, and a few vegetables in the summer. What has become of the wheat and——"

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Betty——"

"You have no excuse, Martin. You know as well as I do that the doctor is old and not so careful as he used to be, and you have pulled the wool over his eyes until you might cheat his eye-teeth out and he'd never know the difference.

"'Fo' goodness, Miss Betty! Dis po' ole nigger ain't got no idee of cheatin' nobody. You know de 'Good Book' done 'spressly say dat 'nobody shan't steal,' an' if I was to do dat, whar would I be at de jedgment day? An', once, befo' I got de 'ligion, I was a-pickin' chips off'n somebody else's lan' an' er angel 'pear to me and say, 'Martin, tetch not dat which is onclean.' I drapped dem chips, an' I sed den an' dar I never would tetch nothin' of nobody's. An' I ain't. Fust come de freshets, den de drout's, an' all de wheat an'——"

"You needn't tell those same stories over again. But what I want you to understand is that I am going to take things into my own hands, and if you do not bring me a reasonable amount of wheat at the end of the season as a fourth of the crop, I shall see that 'Scuffle Hill' has *other* tenants another year. That is all!

"Well, Miss Betty, you know de drout's an' freshets don't spar nobody, much less dis ole nigger. I don't see no signs of freshets or drout's fer dis year, so fur, an' de wheat do look fine, an' I 'spects, if it had jes' one mo' harrerin', it would be de fines crap in dis side of de country.

"Lan' sakes! Gee, dar, Mark! Dæt is de mos' 'quis'tive ole mule I ever see' He dun gone an' half-way turned dat carryall over tryin' to git dat sprig o' grass on t'other side ob de fence. Ev'ry one of dem aigs is gwine be broke, an' 'Liza Jane a-settin' dar in de kitchen talkin' to Ailsie. Well, good-day, Mistis, and if de Good Lord don't sen' no pestilence, you will git yo' wheat for sho'. Good-day, Miss Betty, good-day, marm."

And, making the most profound bows, old Martin hastened out to get the carryall back into the road, and to threaten Mark with the most awful punishment, which he received with the utmost complaisance.

Mrs. Mason, who was a pretty good judge of human nature, was certain that the ole negro had no idea of ever appearing with the grain. For three years he had been making the same excuses. She had seen the deception he had practiced from the first, but whenever she spoke of such a thing the doctor would silence her with:

"Oh, pshaw, Betty! You are a woman and will never learn business of this kind. It is a man's work."

But this was too good an opportunity to lose. As Martin passed out she said to herself, "Well, I've had my say at last, and even if I never see the wheat, I have the satisfaction of knowing that he sees now that he doesn't fool everybody."

* * * * *

About nine o'clock in the morning on the fifth of July, four months later, Melissa, the maid, came to Mrs. Mason's room and said that Martin wished to see her for a few minutes at the door.

He was the very same Martin, except that maybe his skin was a little blacker, and the grin, which usually spread from ear to ear, a little broader.

"Miss Betty, I tol' you I was gwine bring you a fo'th of dat wheat crap. I's done come. I would er come yistiddy, but it was holiday, you know. Whar does you want it put? I'll jes' lif it off fer you an' put it away. 'Tain't quite es much es I thought 'twould be, 'case de patch wus so full of black heads 'twan't much 'count. But den dat wus de orderin' of Providence, and we can't complain."

Mrs. Mason looked at the old negro in utter astonishment. Was this a change of heart that was showing itself in his dealings with the share-holders?

"Martin, I am very glad that you thought of what I said and decided to do what is right. I do not like to change the tenants at 'Scuffle Hill' so often, and I see that you do not want to leave. I'll go out to the wagon to look at it."

She gathered up her skirts and walked out with her head high. She had learned the business that was a man's, and she had excelled the man.

Martin followed her slowly.

When she came to the wagon, she saw no bags nor barrels, as she expected, for it must be a good deal he would bring—he had sown twice as much as usual. She looked around on the ground, thinking that perhaps he had unloaded before coming into the house. But she saw no signs of the wheat. She turned to Martin with a puzzled look.

"You have evidently put it away before asking."

"No, marm, Mistis; here it is right here under de seat."

At this he pulled out a gallon bucket, and, opening it, said admiringly:

"Ain't dem grains fine?"

Mrs. Mason could not believe her eyes. She felt dizzy, and her knees were weak; but gaining her self-control, for she would not allow him to see that she thought herself beaten, she said:

"I am obliged to you, Martin. You needn't wait to put it away. I'll take it in myself."

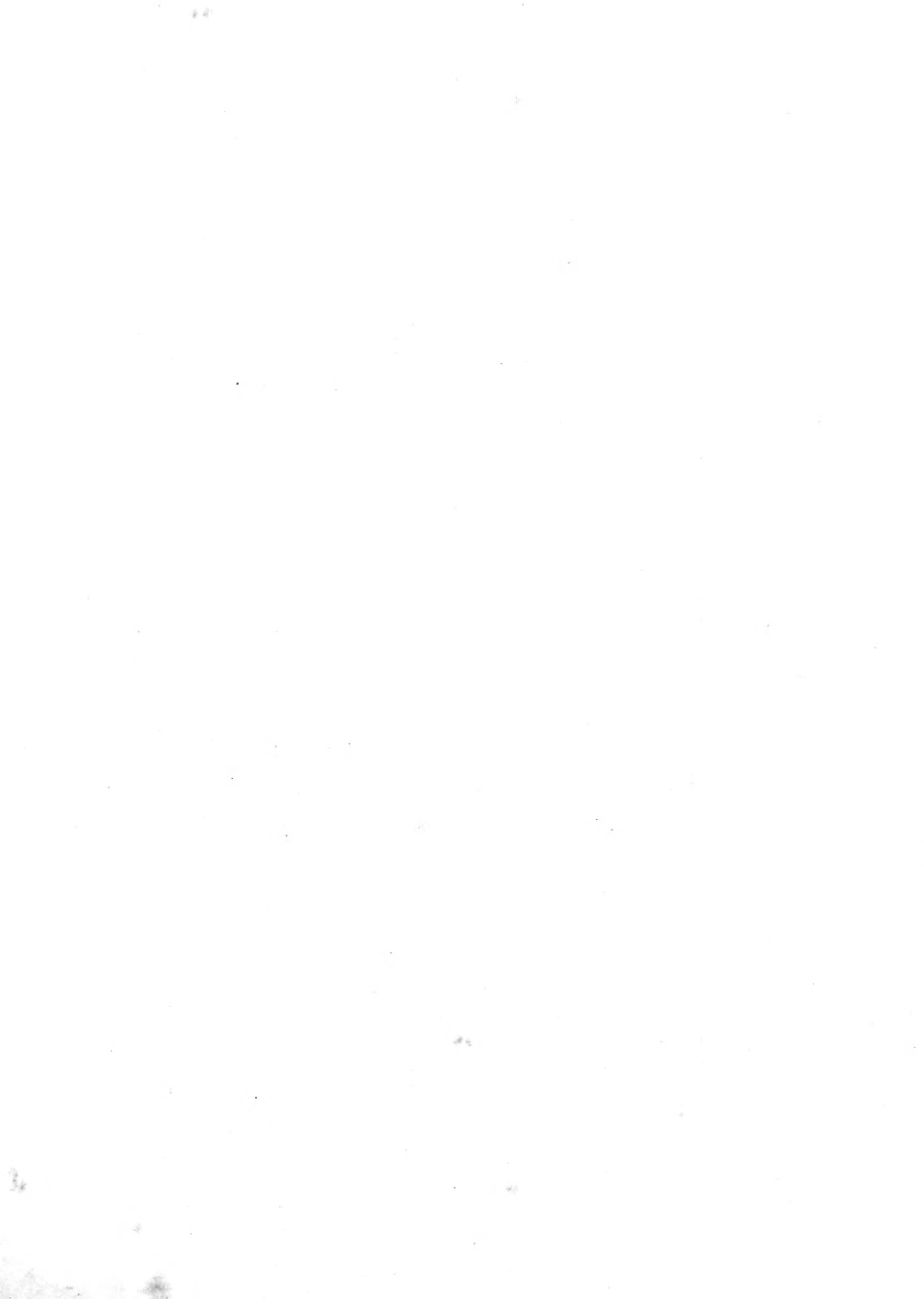
After Martin was out of sight she slipped out to where she had hidden the wheat, took up the bucket and went to the poultry-yard. She called the fowls up and threw the grain out to them by the double-handful. Just before the last handful, she heard a smothered laugh behind her. Startled, she looked around, and there stood the doctor, holding his sides.

"What are you doing, Betty?" he gasped.

She looked at his dancing eyes and red face, and against her wishes the ridiculous side of the whole thing overcame her.

"I am just feeding the chickens our fourth of Martin's wheat crop for this year. I hope they won't die of over-eating!"

RUTH REDD.





Class of June, 1911

Motto

"Gang forward."

Flower

Narcissus

Colors

Yellow and White

Class Officers

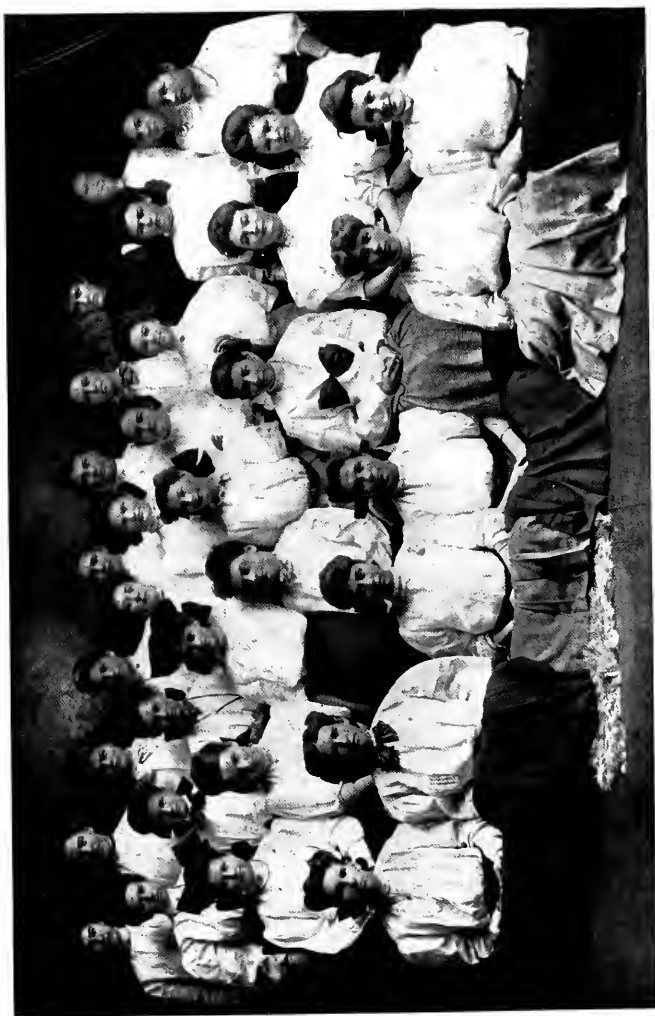
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	VIRGINIA TINSLEY
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	GEORGIA SINCLAIR
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH SHEPPARD
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	-	PATTIE MAUZY

Class Roll

Carrie Anderson	Helen Drummond
Mary Anderson	Isabelle Dunlap
Estelle Binns	Mamie Elliot
Evelyn Baird	Lucy Elcan
Vera Bowman	Sadie Ennis
Frances Burks	Eliza Friend
Lizzie Berryman	Missouri Fitchett
Mamie Baldwin	Flora Fitchett
Kate Blanks	Louise Ford
Elsie Bowie	Ethel Fiske
Ercelle Barham	Le Verna Foster
Virginia Bryant	Hawes Fitzpatrick
Mary Birkhead	Mary Gwaltney
Kathleen Chappell	Alice Grubbs
Mary Cochrane	Maggie Gilliam
Ethel Caldwell	Lena Gilliam
Lucile Clay	Mattie Grigg
Adele Carter	Ethel Gladding
Maybelle Coleman	Florence Garbee
Pareeza Coleman	Mary Goode
Doris Daughtry	Nellie Hurdle

Sallie Harvey	Inez Reames
Grace Hunter	Lottie Rosback
Ava Haskins	Ida Robertson
Mattie Haskins	Susie Roberts
Ida Hite	Virginia Reburn
Susie Higginbotham	Louise Reynolds
Marian Harrison	Ruth Richardson
Emma Harrison	Katherine Richardson
Reva Hamilton	Ruth Rice
Nettie Johnston	Norma Rose
Emma Jones	Gertrude Rossan
Louise Jones	Roxie Smith
Mary Jones	Lizzie Smith
Bessie Grey Jones	Elizabeth Sutherland
Bessie Gordan Jones	Annie Sutherland
Elsie Jordan	Sarah Stuart
Florence Kent	Bessie Stuart
Mary King	Lizzie Sledd
Maude Laughon	Lillie Sharpe
Myrtle Ligon	Edna Sharpe
Winnie Linkous	
Frances Land	Lucy Seger
Edith Lane	Clara Snell
Daisy Lee	Amelia Sterrett
Edna Marks	Ivy Seaton
May Moore	Lottie Shaffer
Blanch McClintic	Georgie Sinclair
Archie McClintic	Blanche Sheppard
Pattie Mauzy	Ruth Sheppard
Daisy Moss	Mary Sheppard
Vida Murfee	Virginia Tinsley
Cornelia Marcuson	Flossie Thornton
Mattie Mahon	Goldie Thrift
Helen Nicholson	Minnie Withers
Louise Owen	Carrie Withers
Margie Owen	Ruth Watts
Bertha Penn	Marguerite Watkins
Sallie Pannill	Cassie White
Mae Presgraves	Bessie Wyne
Grace Pennington	Bridie Wood
Irma Philipps	Germania Wingo





Class of June, 1912

Motto

"Study little and learn all you can"

Colors

Lavender and Gold

Flower

Pansy

Officers

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	JANIE HARWOOD
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	ALINE GLEAVES
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	-	MARY O'BRIEN
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	-	ALEAN PRICE

Class Roll

Roxie Adams
 Stella Abbott
 Nannie Amory
 Lois Anderson
 Nellie Allen
 Johnella Atkinson
 Beulah Bray
 Katherine Boxley
 Lucy Boxley
 Kezia Baird
 Nannie Burcher
 Rena Byrd
 Tellie Blankinship
 Lillian Burton
 Eugenia Crump
 Ila Carter
 Fannie Condrey
 Ellen Carlin
 Hattie Copenhaver
 Cassie DuVal
 Iva Foster
 Martha Fletcher
 Grace Freeman
 Sadie Garrett

Blanche Grubbs
 Otelia Glasgow
 Aline Gleaves
 Emma Hopkins
 Violet Harris
 Irma Harris
 Courtenay Hendrick
 Boleyn Holland
 Louise Holland
 Estelle Hubbard
 Janie Harwood
 Augusta Haarstrich
 Effie Hoback
 Lizzie Joyner
 Marye Kent
 Esther Law
 Susie Ligon
 Esther LeMoine
 Annie Moring
 Mary O'Brien
 May Price
 Alean Price
 Marie Pratt

Mary Pratt
 Trent Pratt
 Mamie Putney
 Nellie Palmer
 Bessie Pettus
 Winifred Parks
 Carter Richardson
 Hallie Rodes
 Ethel Rodes
 Evelyn Still
 Jane Stratton
 Molly Spencer
 Pearl Spencer
 Clara Snell
 Lucie Stone
 Carrie Scates
 Florence Stevenson
 Villa Spencer
 Virginia Woodward
 Julia Whitehead
 Della Wilkinson
 Lucile Watson
 Janie Walters

The New Girl

A MONOLOGUE

BACK at school! Arrived this morning and have seen nothing but "rats." I wonder why the old girls don't come? I wish I had not come so early.

I wonder who that queer looking object across the room is? Looks as if she were homesick. I think I will go over and speak to her. My! What an airy bow. Yes, I understand; she is from the city, has been going to a city school all her life, and thinks it will be somewhat lonely in a little town like this.

What class is she going to enter? I have no doubt, though, that it is the Junior, since she has been going to a city school all her life. From personal appearance I should judge that she—— well, I'll not say it, but I was very near a joke. Oh, I am mistaken! the 2a class—that is if she can pass the entrance examinations.

She wishes to know if I am a rat! My! what impertinance! I hardly think so, since I got V. G. + on my Junior geography last term. Wish I had got just one Excellent so that I might tell her of it! New girls always need a little salting down.

She wants to know about the fare. I shall tell her a few things we have. My! hear her; she thinks that is "perfectly dreadful"! (The way with all of them at first.) "Dessert only twice a week"! Her papa would not hear to her living on such a poor diet! But then her mamma will send her a box every week or so.

She wishes me to tell her something about the fraternities. Thinks she would like to join—better wait until she is asked! And the literary societies, too! She does not know which she will join. Better join both! Of which am I a member? Perhaps of neither, what difference does it make to her? Every girl in school does not belong to a literary society. Oh, but she must. Her mamma charged her in particular to join. I wonder if she is going to join the Y. W. C. A.? Dear me! She never even heard of that organization. What is it, anyway? Oh, well, guesses she can join that any old day; but she must join a literary society at once, before they are all filled up!

How she flourished that diamond in my face! Anyway, I am not going to give it any notice. But she must call my attention to it. It needs polishing—fits rather loosely; she would cry her eyes out if anything should happen to it.

I will take out my watch and see how she likes that. Oh! she had a very beautiful watch which her dear uncle sent her from Berlin. I wonder if she knows where Berlin is? Unfortunately, she broke the crystal. She hopes her mother will have it repaired and send it to her at once.

What does she know about books? What county is she from? She is not sure. What part of the county? She thinks it is near the northern part. What do they raise in her part of the State? Oh, yes, she is from the city and does not know, but thinks they raise a great deal of fruit.

How unfortunate! She happened to be a lemon. She thinks she is a "peach." Ha! I should say so—a cling-stone at that. Here I have been trying to get away for the last half hour. I'll know whom to tackle next.

Anyway, that is a beautiful scarf which she is wearing; I shall step around to see her and perhaps I may borrow it to wear down the street to-morrow.

JESSIE NIDERMAIER.



My Introduction

FARMVILLE! Farmville!" cried the porter. My heart gave a bound; in a few minutes I should really be there! As soon as the train stopped, I hurried out with a number of others. We were immediately surrounded by a crowd of girls wearing white ribbon badges, with the letters "Y. W. C. A." They smiled sweetly and offered to show the way to the school. How grateful we were for this little attention when everything was so new and strange! My heart went out to them, and from that day I have loved the "white ribbon girls."

Our excitement and curiosity grew as we went along, for everytime we turned a corner we expected to see the school. At last it burst into view, much larger than I had expected, and very imposing looking. As we drew nearer, my attention was attracted by the many pairs of eyes behind the shutters. When passing under the windows, I heard the words "new girls" and "rats" frequently.

After getting my room arranged, I sat down to watch the other girls. One of them came up to me and asked if I wanted to walk. She put her arm around me as if we had been friends since childhood, and began to talk in such an easy, interesting manner that I quite lost my heart. We met a trained nurse in uniform. My friend smiled at her most sweetly. "I have a case with her," she explained.

"Of what?" I inquired, "I hope there is no one sick."

She looked at me a second, and saw how earnest I was and began to laugh. "Oh, you silly, don't you know what a case is?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I'll show you sometime. Met Frank and Charlie yet?" she inquired.

"No," I confessed, "I haven't met any boys."

Her eyes twinkled again, but I did not know why until I found that Frank and Charlie were two well-known girls of our school.

"Well, there goes Dr. J—n—s. "He sat all over me the other day."

Imagine my astonishment, I managed to articulate, "What?"

"Hi there, sports!" called a girl as she came up to us. "Come with me to see my new room."

So up we went, and as we passed the baths she asked if I should like to see the shampoos and showers. They were very nice; all new and shiny, with heavy white canvas curtains around them. A "rat" came in about that time to wash her hair, and thought she would try the new shampoo. In a minute we heard terrific screams, and the girl flew out with her face as red as a beet.

"Oh, me!" she wailed. "I've burnt my head—turned on the hot water instead of the cold—oh, me!"

It was "awful!" We rushed to her room, not giving a thought to the water—

which, by the way, was from the shower and not the shampoo. After the use of cold cream she was better, and we again started for my friend's room.

In the hall we met a man whom I remembered seeing soon after my arrival. Oh! but he did look funny! Just soaking wet, with bits of plastering powdering his hair.

"What do you reckon's the matter, Fan?" I asked.

"Oh, dear!" she ejaculated; his office is right under the bath-room, and we forgot to turn off the water! Poor Mr. C—— got an unexpected shower bath."

"I hear the ice cream freezer," I exclaimed. A sudden stillness fell upon our little group, then they both laughed.

"Don't fool yourself; it's only Uncle Robert moving a trunk; we go to Aunt Harriet's for cream."

"You are fortunate to have relatives in town," I said. "I wish I did."

"Oh, you must go with me to see Aunt Harriet the very next time I go." And so I did later, after spending an hour trying to make myself look pleasing. Imagine my amazement on meeting an old negro woman who sold good things!—But I didn't know this then, and the conversation continued.

"Do you like sally lunn?" inquired my friend.

"I really don't remember Sally," I confessed; "I've met so many new girls."

She smiled sympathetically. There was a little pause, in which I noticed a pin that I supposed was her high-school pin; so, not that I cared particularly, but just to have something to say, I remarked, "What a pretty pin!"

"That's the pin of my Literary Society—there are two in the school, the Argus and the Cunningham."

"Which is best?" I inquired; "I should like to join the best one."

"There's a difference of opinion, but I like the Cunningham the best; I'm a member of that."

"I'll join that one, too," I said lightly. "Who's Jim?" I continued. "Every girl in the school is talking about him. He must be an awfully popular boy?"

"Oh! child, you'll get as crazy about 'gym' as we are, and by the time you have been here a month you'll be talking about 'gym' all the time."

"I just won't! I'm not a sentimental girl!" They laughed a good deal; but in a moment they were serious again, and told me all about "gym" and many other things that I didn't know. I began to realize what the State Normal School is and how great it expects to be in future!

But, above all, I learned the characteristics of the girls themselves. The first impression the "new girl" has of the "old girls" is that they are more or less religious, not ostentatiously so, but in a simple practical goodness that you are obliged to admire. The next thing noticeable is the spirit of fun, the desire to have just as good a time as they can consistent with duties. I was impressed with the fact that "rats" are treated in a most humane way, and that even seniors find time from seminar and training school to "rush" a few, and be pleasant to all.

To the "old girls," the "rats" of '07 tender their thankful appreciation for "Life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness."

CLAIRE BURTON.

My Castle

Sometimes when I am weary
And long to be apart,
I take me to my castle,
The castle of my heart.

'Tis set on a tiny island,
In the fairy sea of love,
As clear as the diamond crystal,
As blue as the sky above.

The noble king of my castle
Is gentle, and brave and bold,
As handsome as any young gallant,
Though now he is growing old.

I love and honor him truly,
And will serve him in every part,
For father is king of my castle,
The castle of my heart.

And there's a queen in my castle,
Never can my tongue tell
One-half of the beauty and virtue
Of her I love so well.

But I never forget for one moment,
Though we may be far apart,
Her blue-eyed, majesty mother
Queen of my loyal heart.

There's a dear little page;
How I love him, I cannot say—
With his merry shouts and laughter
And manner so blithe and gay,

Some day he will grow to knighthood,
But from me he ne'er can part,
Dear Richard, the light and sunshine,
Of the castle of my heart.

And there's a hoary minstrel,
And oh, he tells to me
Such wonderful tales and stories
Of the times that used to be.

He's old, and wrinkled, and feeble,
But really I think the part
That grandfather hold is extensive
In the castle of my heart.

There's many a lord and lady,
There's many a sparkling eye,
That lights up the vaulted chambers
So broad and deep and high,

But still there's a vacant chamber,
That stands from the rest apart,
For no knight has yet stormed my castle,
The castle of my heart.

SARAH CAMPBELL BERELEY.

Our Girls

Perhaps you have heard of the State Normal School
At Farmville, that dear quiet town,
Where maidens galore learn to teach and to rule
And labor for future renown.

Not everyone knows what a girls' school is like,
So here I'll endeavor to show
A few of the types you are likely to strike
As through our fair town you may go.

Now 'most any hour you happen to choose,
Somewhere on the campus you'll see
Small parties of girls out strolling by twos
Or likely there e'en may be three.

Each one side by side with her best chum or "case"
And happy as happy can be,
Around and around, locked in loving embrace,
They saunter and chatter in glee.



It seems 'tis a failing of this gentle sex
To yield to the glamor of youth
Of lovingly hanging with arms around necks,
'Tis a sight you should witness, forsooth.

When each spies the other, it matters not where,
They rush toward each other in haste,
And squeals of delight break at once on the air
As they clasp each dear form 'round the waist.



Then off to the store where the sweetmeats are sold
With ecstatic clamor they glide;
When next they emerge each maiden will hold
A small paper bag by her side.



Each hand makes a movement in regular time,
Like shuttles in looms, to and fro.
The stuff in that bag, though it costs them a dime,
Melts away like a flurry of snow.

You notice a swelling in each dainty cheek
 As though each had toothache or mumps.
 But, big as it is, it's really no freak,
 It's the candy they're chewing in lumps.



While eating, of course, they're forced to let go
 Their hold on each other's dear neck.
 'Tis candy alone that can ever bestow
 On "spooning" this brief little check.



But some prefer peanuts. Each maiden enjoys
 The nuts fairly swelling her cheek.
 From mouths overloaded there comes a queer noise
 Whene'er they endeavor to speak.

And out for a frolic with kodaks in hand
 They wander by six and by eight.
 In every position they think of they'll stand
 Snapping films at a wonderful rate.



For May *must* take Nellie, and Nell *must* take May
 And Carrie and Minnie exchange.
 Then follows "cute" Alice, then Mary and Ray;
 In fact, everyone within range.

No matter what time in the day or the night,
 In doors, out of doors, in the shade,
 In the morn or the midday, or evening twilight,
 These "snap shots" are sure to be made.

And oh, the great "cases" on teachers they show!
 They "darling" them all the day long.
 "Oh isn't she dear? she's the sweetest I know!"
 Is the burden of most of their song.

Engagements for church, for a chat or a walk,
 Or any excuse 'neath the skies:
 To be with their "darling" for ten minutes talk
 Is rapture sublime in their eyes.

Another queer feature, of which I must write,
Regards entertainments at school.
Though prices are low and the show is all right,
Very few will attend as a rule.



But, oh! when the boys from the College come down,
And prices are high for the show!
The girls come in droves from school and the town,
Till seats and the hall overflow.

I've long sought a reason for this queer disease
(If such a term I may employ)
For no Normal School maiden will ever agree
That it's all on account of a boy.

And then there are "test frights" and "note days" and "skips,"
And other strange failings as well,
But time is discreet in permitting my lips
No more on the subject to tell.

J. C. MATTOON.



Lost; A Heart

IT WAS A TINY GOLD HEART, perfectly plain, except for the bright ruby in the center, and while very pretty, it would hardly attract a casual observer enough to warrant a second look. To Elizabeth Seymour it meant a great deal, and this morning she was looking back ten years to the day when her grandmother called her from her dolls and gave her this heart, attached to a small chain, telling her to keep it always to remember the giver. Now the tiny chain hung dejectedly around her neck, and the guilty link still shamelessly open explained the loss.

And the wicked little link might have remained open always had Elizabeth been the kind of person to sit still and accept her loss without an effort. But that was not her nature, so now she laid aside her book and started off to find Bobby. That was in itself a very hard task, as Bobby always selected the most unheard-of places to while away his happy hours. However, Elizabeth soon found him, reposing quietly on the top of the coal-bin. She called him down and told him that she had lost a heart on the golf links that morning, and that if he could find it she would give him half a dollar. That seemed a fortune to Bobby, so he began to show some interest in the subject.

Bobby, by the way, was a very small specimen of the Ethiopian race, and possessed the usual characteristics, though perhaps his nose was a trifle flatter, and his mouth rather more of a rosebud than the average pickaninny's. His position in the Seymour family, however, is worthy of comment. When he was about six months old his mother gave him to Elizabeth, and because he was "such a poor little thing and so cute, too," he had been allowed to have his way ever since, and now he was the lord and ruler of the place. Nothing of importance could be done without Bobby's acquiescence, and if anything was lost or misplaced nobody could find it so soon as Bobby could. So Elizabeth turned to him now with much confidence, and as the little black figure ran off in the direction of the golf links she began to feel more hopeful, and returned to her book with a lighter heart.

She had not read more than two or three pages before she was interrupted by the voice of Bobby as he stood before her grinning and panting. Bobby was always grinning and always out of breath, as it was one of his characteristics never, under any circumstances, to walk anywhere, but always to go as if it were a matter of life and death. As soon as he had recovered enough breath he said:

"Miss Lizzie, dere's a gent down dar what's found your heart, and he won't give it up."

"Why, Bobby; what do you mean? A gentleman has found the heart and refuses to give it up?" repeated Elizabeth, somewhat startled.

"He certainly can't be much of a gentleman; what makes you think he is?" she added.

"Just 'cause he look lak one, an' talk like one, an' gimme a quarter jest lak any sho' nouf gent would," answered Bobby, conclusively.

"He gave you a quarter," Elizabeth repeated, still more dazed. "What was that for, Bobby?"

"Wall, he didn't say, but I guess 'twas ter buy chewing gum," enlightened Bobby.

Elizabeth, seeing that she would get no satisfaction from Bobby, resolved to see this interesting stranger herself.

"Bobby," she said, "I see you are no good, so I will have to go down and get it myself."

"I bet you don't get no quarter," Bobby said, as he started off in a run ahead of her.

Elizabeth walked on slowly, wondering whether she was going to meet a half-crazy tramp or a professional robber, and had about decided on the former, when she passed from behind a clump of bushes and saw, a few yards in front of her, a tall figure, clad in white flannels, lying leisurely beneath a big oak. Bobby stood by and pointed a dirty thumb in her direction. Elizabeth was so surprised to find such a decent-looking adversary that she hardly knew how to proceed. But she could not turn back now—and she wanted her heart, too—so she kept bravely on. As she neared the tree he scrambled to his feet, and stood looking down at her, with a boyish eagerness in his face which belied the indifferent ease of his movements.

"Wall, dere's Miss Lizzie!" said Bobby, by way of introduction; and the handsome robber started to speak, but before he could frame a proper acknowledgement Elizabeth had blurted out:

"You—you have my heart!"

"Oh, fair maid, you overwhelm me by your generosity. I assure you I have never been so flattered before!" said the stranger, with a low bow, which conveniently hid the twinkle in his eyes.

"Sir, you know what I mean," said Elizabeth, coldly, "and you will oblige me by returning it at once, as quietly as possible."

"As soon as Miss Seymour forgives me for my stupidity," returned the stranger, humbly. Elizabeth looked up quickly to see if she could detect any signs of insanity, but the gray eyes looked into hers so frankly that she was forced to smile, just a little.

The stranger was not slow to notice it, and his face lighted up as he said:

"Miss Seymour, you are generous. Now permit me to explain." At this he handed her a card and continued:

"I was just on my way to see you on a little matter of business when I chanced to pick up the heart. A few seconds later I came across Bobby, who was viciously pulling a shiny black hair from his pate. When he had got it out he ran it through his fingers, then watched anxiously to see in what direction it would point. It wavered for a moment, then pointed straight at me, like an accusing finger. Of course that settled it for Bobby. He was so sure that I had it, I just had to plead guilty."

"But found you could bribe the jury," finished Elizabeth, with a gay laugh.

During this recital she had become so interested in watching the gray eyes flash and twinkle that she had forgotten herself, and when she realized that she was laughing and talking with a very questionable young man, she hardly knew what to do or say next. But he came to her assistance by saying:

"And now, Miss Seymour, may I state my business?"

"You may, sir," she answered, coldly.

"Well," he began, "as most business interviews have an introduction——"

"I think ours has been too long now," interrupted Elizabeth.

"Ah, pardon me, I had not noticed you were in such a hurry," he sarcastically remarked.

"I was about to say," he continued, "that I am an artist. That is, I do a little

sketching, and I have always been anxious to get some scenes from Virginia. Now that I have a few months' vacation I resolved to find the prettiest spot in the state, and, if possible, put it on canvas. So here I am to beg your consent to sketch that little green spot yonder by the brook, with the oak tree in the foreground."

"Oh, I am so glad you selected that!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I always have admired it so much."

They were discussing the exact position of the easel, when Bobby rushed up and announced:

"Mss Lizzie, don't yer know yer'll miss yer grub ef yer don't come on; de bell's done rung long time ago!"

"All right, Mr. Jeffry," said Elizabeth, addressing the stranger: "you may begin work in the morning."

"But won't I interfere with your golf games?" he asked.

"No, indeed; we won't mind stopping for a while—it is getting too warm to play, anyhow," she finished, lamely, and turned abruptly and hurried off to the house.

"Did yer git yer heart?" asked Bobby after they had started. Elizabeth stopped short and gasped:

"Why, Bobby, I forgot all about it!" At this Bobby burst into a big laugh.

"I bet you didn't git no quarter, neither," he said, as he ran on in front of her.

"Bobby," called Elizabeth, "don't you think you could catch him and get it?"

"Not on yer life," said Bobby. "He's skipped to Noo Yawk by now, and den yer 'member yer said I warn't no good, anyhow."

Elizabeth had nothing to say to this, so she walked on home in silence, very angry with herself, but still angrier with "that impudent stranger."

When she reached home she found that lunch was nearly over, but she hurried in, murmuring some excuse about being in the midst of a golf game. Somehow she did not care to discuss the events of the morning; peahaps she was still too angry with herself.

"Now, here is Elizabeth," said her father; "I'll bet she can tell us something about him."

"About whom, Dad?" she inquired. "Of course, I can give the exact biography of every noted character in history."

"Well, this person is noted, but hardly in history—that is, unless it is very modern history," said the Hon. J. T. Seymour.

"Oh, Dad, please go on and tell me who it is," begged Elizabeth.

"That is just what I want to know from you," answered her father. "The gentleman in question is dark, tall, and nice looking; he appeared yesterday for the first time, and is boarding at Denman's. He was seen this morning wandering off in the direction of our golf links. All of this your mother tells me, and she has it straight from Dame Gossip, who further adds that the villain has several easels and other artist's traps among his luggage. Now can't you add some color to the scandal?" he finished, with a twinkle.

Elizabeth was about to reply, when Bobby rushed in—

"Here's a package fer you, Miss Lizzie, from the painter-man over at Denman's, an' Sammy says he give him fifty cents jest to bring it over here," he announced, excitedly.

"Yer see yer ain't no good," he continued, "'cause yer talked ter him 'bout two hours this morning, and then didn't get a cent."

"Bobby!" said Elizabeth, sharply, as she put the tiny package into her blouse, "are you never going to learn to stop talking?"

"You just learned how to begin a few years ago, didn't you, Bob? Tell us some more about this painter-man," said her father, with a chuckle.

"Tain't no more to tell, 'ceptin' he talked ter Miss Lizzie a long time this mornin', and he swiped her heart, and won't give it back to her."

"Dad," said Elizabeth, warningly, "if you don't make him shut up, I'll—I'll get mad and——"

"An' skip wid the painter-man," finished Bobby, wisely, and Elizabeth was forced to join in the general laugh that followed.

After he had enjoyed the joke for several minutes, her father said:

"Now we will hear the testimony of the accused."

"I think that is hardly necessary," said Elizabeth, "since the witness is so reliable."

"Yes, so he is," answered her father, "but we will not condemn without a hearing. Kindly state the facts."

Seeing no escape possible, Elizabeth told him the whole story, and an hour later he was still laughing at this good joke on Elizabeth.

In the meantime, Elizabeth had summoned courage to open the package, and in it was the heart attached to a card on which was written—

"All things but one you can restore—
The heart you get returns no more."

Elizabeth flushed with indignation as she read it, and repeated to herself several times that he was the most ill-bred man she knew. Nevertheless, she carefully put the card away in her blouse, and was seen to take it out several times that afternoon.

The next morning Elizabeth was awake early, wondering what she would tell Frank Sterne when he came for their ante-breakfast game of golf. She was still wondering when going out into the yard she saw him coming. Her first impulse was to hide, so she dodged behind a big box-tree, and there waited her chance to slip behind the house unseen. To do this she had to run very fast, and she had just reached safety when she ran right into Bobby, who was, of course, running also. Elizabeth sank down on the ground, weak with laughter, but Bobby rose to the occasion, and remarked, drily:

"Huh! knock a fellow into next week, won't you?"

"Shut up, Bobby," said Elizabeth, sympathetically; "you are not hurt; run around to the front door and tell Mr. Sterne that you can't find me anywhere."

"But I kin," contended Bobby.

"No, you can't, Bobby; by the time you get around there you couldn't find me to save your life," assured Elizabeth.

"Yer gimme a lief to try?" challenged Bobby, eager for a game, and Elizabeth had to agree. As soon as the little figure disappeared around the corner, she turned and fled in the other direction. Soon she came to the back fence and hastily mounted it. Anywhere to get away from Bobby, she thought. As she reached the top rail she paused to look around for her pursuer, and looked straight into the eyes of "that impudent stranger."

Now the gray eyes were twinkling so that Elizabeth wondered how the mouth could be so straight and calm as he walked up to the fence and asked:

"May I help you down, Miss Seymour?"

By this time Miss Seymour was so full of laughter and rage that she needed more

help to stay on the fence than she did to get off, but before she could answer the voice of Bobby rang out :

"Who-ee—Miss Lizzie! 'tain't no fair outside de yard, an' ef I ketch you out dar you got to hide your eyes two times."

Then once more the stranger showed his impudence, this time by quietly and firmly lifting Elizabeth from the fence and hurrying her behind the carriage-house. There they were safe for a while, and as their eyes met he seemed to think restraint no longer necessary, so they sank down on the ground by common consent and devoted about two minutes to hearty but silent laughter.

Then Bobby's voice was heard again, this time in the carriage-house, and he seemed to be addressing himself :

"Wall, 'tain't no use to look for her no longer," he said. "I bet my boots she's done skipped wid dat painter-man. I knowed all erlong dat she'd done fell in love wid him. Then I heard her tell Miss Polly dis mawnin' dat she hoped he would call soon, so's *she* could meet him. I tell you I been livin' wid Miss Lizzie too long not to know when she lak anybody ; so I might as well go on to the house," he finished, in a tone of resignation.

The "painter-man" hardly waited for him to get out of hearing before he asked eagerly :

"Miss Seymour, is it true?"

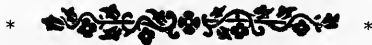
"Is what true?" asked Elizabeth, as she turned and ran as fast as she could in the opposite direction.

"About my calling!" yelled Mr. Gordon Jeffry, as he wisely refrained from chasing her.

And just as Elizabeth remounted the fence she called back, gaily—

"Bobby always tells the truth!"

LOUISE CLEVELAND.





FARMVILLE—

And so to the land's last limit I came.

FACULTY—

O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as ithers see us.

SENIOR B.—

Delightful task to rear the tender thought!

ANNE AND CARRIE—

Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

MARY DAVIDSON—

She was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
She could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side.

KATHARINE BRITTON—

Ye, who teach ingenious youth, ingeniously.

MILDRED RICHARDSON—

And yet she loves herself, it is not strange.

CAMPBELL BERKELEY—

As long as poetry shall charm mankind,
Thy flowing numbers will admirers find.

ELIZABETH E. AND LUCY W.—

A sudden thought strikes me; let us
swear an eternal friendship.

MARY READ—

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.

ANNIE LANCASTER—

A merry heart goes all the day.

ELAINE TOMS—

With a hairy, golden crown upon thy head.

VIRGINIA TINSLEY—

Sturdy and strong, like Goliath of old,

As straight as a lance at rest,

Swift as an arrow, steady and bold,

At gym. and basket-ball best.

ANNE RICHARDSON—

A manly form at her side she saw,

And joy was duty, and love was law.

NELLIE JOHNSON—

“By my valor!” She’s a dear!

MAE MARSHALL—

Your look draws audience and attention,

Still as night.

FRANK JONES—

We’ll grant, although she had much wit,

She was very shy of using it.



Prevalent Diseases

In General

Shortness of breath, brought on by "rushing" the Seniors and the Faculty too furiously.

Spinal curvature and elongated arms, the obnormal result of walking in pairs.

"Cold shoulders." Symptoms : a chilly sensation, and an icy stare, accompanied by a stiffening of the back, and an almost imperceptible twitching of the eyelids.

"Itching ears," caused by an uncontrollable desire for news ; accompanied by "long noses," over-developed by poking them into other people's affairs ; and generally followed by "loose tongues," resulting from the feverish impulse to pass the news along.

Troublesome varieties of nearsightedness and deafness that make it impossible to recognize the courteous greetings of persons met in the halls or on the street. A strong essence of etiquette, it is believed, will remedy these troubles.

In Particular

Librarians : Excessive nervousness, relieved by frequent periods of prolonged silence.

Some Senior B's : A painful swelling of the head, superinduced by overdoses of a sweetmeat called "taffy," but speedily corrected by a taste of criticism.

Certain professors : An embarrassing absentmindedness that manifests itself in the form of utter oblivion to waiting classes.

Certain busy "professorins" : A tired feeling, not produced by *ennui*, and not relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

History teachers : An eccentric, freakish appetite, satisfied only by enormous quantities of dates.

An A. B., M. A., Ph. D. : Information on the brain ; chronic and incurable, because there is a geographical reason for its existence.

Teacher of drawing : A peculiarly sensitive feeling, greatly irritated by certain color combinations.

An assistant in "math." : An entire absence of the sense of direction, which

makes it impossible for her to find her way about alone. It is absolutely necessary that she be provided with a constant companion.

Instructor in Con. Geom.: Acute sarcasm, recently developed under the stimulus of association with Second B's.

E. E. and L. W. : A terrible "case" of something that, so far, defies diagnosis. The solitary confinement of each seems the only possible hope for a cure.

The night matron : A most aggravated form of insomnia that causes her to pace the floor all night. It gives those about her the greatest concern, as it stubbornly refuses to yield to the usual remedies.

Director of the Glee Club : A confused singing in the ears and roaring in the head, repeated at such frequent intervals as to leave her wrought up to the highest pitch, and cause her to lose time. She needs a generous measure of rest, and a tonic.

Teachers of English : Sharp, gimlet eyes, produced by the distressing habit of indulging too often in the use of a dangerous liquid known as red ink. The Keeley cure has failed to reach the root of the trouble, and a temperance pledge is suggested as a last resort.

Director of physical training : A violent, intermittent affection which puzzles all beholders. She often dons bifurcated attire, and goes through spasmodic gyrations resembling St. Vitus dance, though nobody seems to know just what she means by it. The school physician, however, pronounces it injurious, and prescribes absolute rest and a change of climate.





TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY.

DR. M-LL-DG (reading from the Bible)—“And the women knead the dough.”
 SENIOR B—“Amen!”

Modern Physiology: Miss S.—“What are the three bones in the ear?”
 SENIOR A.—God-speed, Discovery, and Susan Constant.”

MISS W.—“From what Inn did the Pilgrims start in the Canterbury Tales?”
 NEW STUDENT IN LITERATURE—“Castle Inn.”

NEW GIRL—“Has my room all the modern improvements?”
 SERVANT—Yes, Miss; here is a special closet for post cards.”

CL-R- B-RT-N—“Oh, I don’t want that! Mrs. Adam brought that with her out of the ark.”

LITTLE BOY IN FOURTH GRADE—“Teacher, what is a katydid?”
 MISS B-L-Y (confidently)—“A katydid is a bird!”

FIRST GRADE TEACHER—“What is an acute angle?”
 PAUL—“One that is cuter than a right angle.”

MISS BR-TT-N (in training school)—“Wallace, what do we mean by a *malicious* dwari?”
 WALLACE—“Why, ’tis one that tastes good.”

WHAT’S IN A NAME?

Why is it so cold in the Science Hall all winter?
 They have five and a half feet of Snow on the floor every day.

Why does the Glee Club sing in such perfect time ?
They have a Waterbury time keeper.

Why are the students of literature so bright?
They have been polished with Whiting.

Why is room 41 so strongly fortified?
It has a Castle with a Garrison.

Is the Class of June, 1907, good?
Yes; it always has (W)right on its side.

What reason have we for thinking the '07 Class intemperate?
It insists upon having its own Bar(r).

Of what country does the June Class remind us?
China, because it is distinguished for Rice.

Is the graduating class contented with its lot?
No; it always wants More-land.

Why is the Senior Class a royal family?
It has its own Castle.

Why are the Seniors so well disciplined?
They are under command of the Marshall of the day.

WANTED!

By Normal Students—An hour to assemble in chapel.

By Dr. M-el-dg—More maps.

By Miss W-tk-ns—More time and places for walks.

By Miss D-gg-r—Silence in the library.

By Mr. J-n-s—Dr. Smith.

By Miss "M-ry Wh-it-'"—Something to do.

By No one—Tests and "notes."

By E. E. and L. W.—Each other.

By the Athletic Association—At least one tennis court.

By the Auditorium—A ceiling that will stick.

By the Business Manager—Some way to save the trees.

By the Y. W. C. A. Building Fund—Eight thousand dollars.

By Every one—A long vacation.



Argus Literary Society

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1903

CHARTERED DECEMBER, 1904

G motto

"To see the better"

Colors

Olive Green and Gray

Flowers

White Rose and Smilax

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President—Flora Thompson
Vice-President—Beryl Morris
Corresponding Sec'y—Leonora Ryland
Recording Secretary—Nan Nicholson
Treasurer—Ruth Redd
Censor—Lockett Walton
Critic—Eleanor Wiatt

Second Term

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F. & W. B. P. 1927

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Miss Waterbury
Miss Watkins
Miss West
Miss Whiting
Mr. Winn
Dr. Winston
Miss Winston
Miss Woodruff

Cunningham Literary Society

Organized November, 1903



MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD

Motto :

"Carpe diem "

Colors :

Green and White

Flower :

White Carnation



WIRT DAVIDSON

Officers :

FIRST TERM

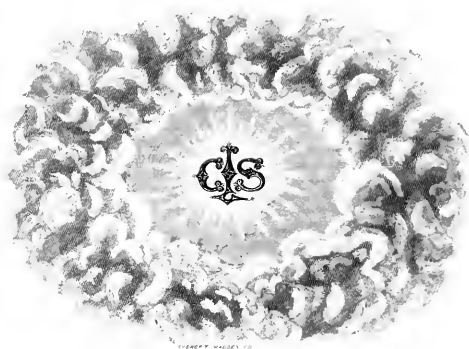
President	-	-	Mary Schofield
Vice-President	-	-	Mae Marshall
Corresponding Secretary	-		Bessie Sampson
Recording Secretary	-		Virgie Stubblefield
Censor	-	-	Mary Holt
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Critic	-	-	Elizabeth Edwards

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Corresponding Secretary	-		Lon Semones
Censor	-	-	Grace Beale
Treasurer	-	-	Jessie Nidermaier
Critic	-	-	Mae Marshall



THOMAS H. HUNT

Snatches of Talk, Heard in Passing

"No, *indeed*, I can't afford to buy a ticket to anything else during this——"

"Come on, Clara; let's go over to Mrs. Edmunds' and get something good to——"

"So I got up at four o'clock and studied *awfully* hard, but all the same, I'm afraid I'm going to get a 'note' on——"

"Isn't she just *perfectly* grand! Why, she says she thinks that I am a 'born teacher' of——"

"—— the bossiest thing I ever saw—trying to rule the whole faculty, but *I'll* show her about——"

"She just 'sat *all over*' me, child, and I hadn't done anything at all but just——"

"I haven't done *a thing* on that lesson, but I'll just run around to Mary's room and get her to show me——"

"Oh, say! The *greatest* news! I've just heard that thirteen members of the faculty are going *to be married* next——"

"I'm not the least bit afraid of the 'whole shooting match,' so I'm going to——"

"And I was *terribly* uneasy—why I hadn't heard a word from him in *two whole days*."

"My dear, she simply *lives* on the streets. The townpeople are thinking of charging her——"

"Well, I *did* have the headache too badly to go to class, but I feel well enough to go to Hampden-Sid——"

"Such a *sigh*! Do you suppose *that's* going to the Jamestown Expo——"

"Oh, joy! Just twenty-three more days before we go——"

"They say the Annual is going to be *perfectly* fine—the best yet—and I'm just *crazy* for one, but don't you think a dollar and a half is a *aweful* price to ask——"



THE GUIDON



State Female Normal School

Farmville, Va.



C. Mason.



M. Stevens.



L. Semones.



Flora Thompson

Mae Marshall

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Ruth Redd

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Blanche Gentry

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Luis Sutherland

Business Managers.



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SUE RUFFIX, Treasurer

Motto:

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit,
saith the Lord of Hosts.”

Purpose

The purpose of the Association is the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution.

Work of the Year

Number of Members	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	359
Number of Committees	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
Number of Members on Committees	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	75
Number of Missionary Meetings Held	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
Number of Devotional Meetings Held	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30

The regular weekly meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are held in the auditorium every Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock.

Short prayer meetings are conducted by the students every Wednesday night, at half past nine o'clock.

A morning prayer circle is held daily, at 7:15.



P. W. C. A.

Poster Club

Ola Abbitt

Hattie Crute

Belle Brosius

Vernie Blankinship

Carrie Kyle

Mollie Mauzy

Emily Lewelling

Richie McCraw

Anne Richardson

L. E. Maxey

Sue Ruffin

Louise Tatem

Clara Smith

Emily Ward

Beulah Williamson

Virginia Normal League

MISS MARTHA W. COULLING
President

MISS LAETITIA M. SNOW
Vice-President

MISS WIRT DAVIDSON, Secretary

MISS EDITH ROGERS
Treasurer

EDUCATION BUREAU COMMITTEE

MR. J. L. JARMAN Chairman

AID FUND COMMITTEE

MISS MINNIE V. RICE Chairman

FINANCE COMMITTEE

MISS LULA O. ANDREWS Chairman

The Objects of this Association are:

First

To found and maintain, by means of annual dues, gifts from outside sources, and otherwise, an aid fund designed to help young women of fine mind and character who are eager for an education, but are unable to attend school.

Second

To conduct an education bureau which seeks to place, free of charge, members of the League and graduates of the school in communication with county superintendents and school officials wishing trustworthy, well trained teachers for their schools.



DIRECTOR - - - - - MISS WATERBURY

First Soprano

Bessie Anderson	Imogen Hutter	Julia Paulett
Martha Blanton	Mary Horner	Katherine Perry
Vernie Blankinship	Julia Kent	Mary Read
Florence Barr	Annie Lancaster	Mamye Rowe
Nellie Boatwright	Mae Marshall	Mildred Richardson
Alice Castle	Edith Orange	Mary Stephens
Lizzie Davis	Esther Owens	Lula Sutherlin
Edith Duvall	Bessie Paulett	Hazel Thompson
Blanche Gentry	Hattie Paulett	Happy Wilder

Second Soprano

Minnie Blanton	Mary Holt	Katherine Pennybacker
Kathleen Baldwin	Mariam Jones	Anne Richardson
Janet Duvall	Carrie Kyle	Mary Spencer
Maggie Ewing	Mary Pierce	Graham Trent
		Rebecca Vaughan

Alto

Beverly Andrews	Wirt Davidson	Curle Phillips
Lizzie Batten	Myrtle Grenels	Helen Steed
Kyle Davis	Mollie Mauzy	Vedah Watson
Sudie Davis	Bessie Noel	



THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Motto

"Don't shoot the players; they are doing their best"

Colors

Green, Greener and Greenest

Flower

Sunflower

Officers

MANAGER	-	-	-	-	-	-	MAE MARSHALL
ASSISTANT MANAGER AND SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	-	-	CARRIE MASON
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH REDD
STAGE MANAGER	-	-	-	-	-	-	WIRT DAVIDSON

Orchestra

Ruth Redd Carrie Mason
Lula Sutherlin

Quartette

Elaine Toms Wirt Davidson
Lula Sutherlin Ruth Redd

Members

Margaret White	Wirt Davidson	Virginia Garrison
Virginia Nelson	Ruth Redd	Carrie Mason
Mary Watkins	Lula Sutherlin	Curle Phillips
Elaine Toms		Emily Lewelling
Mae Marshall		Atala Walker

Peanut Gallery

Atala Walker	Margaret White	Mary Watkins	Curle Phillips
Virginia Garrison		Emily Lewelling	



Mandolin and Guitar Club

Motto:

WORK WHILE YOU PLAY

First Mandolins

Mr. E. E. Jones
Margaret Harrison
Mary O'Brien
Ellen Rives

Guitars

Mr. J. C. Mattoon
Julia Whitehead
Louise Reynolds
Pearl Wingate
Lila McGehee
Ida Scott

Second Mandolin

Mr. J. C. Mattoon

The Virginia Girl

Fair may be the English lasses,
With their skins of rose and pearl,
But their beauty ne'er can rival
That of the Virginia girl.

Nowhere but in old Virginia
Is there quite such dusky hair,
Eyes so brown, and deep and tender,
Foreheads low, and smooth, and fair.

Lips so red, just made for kisses,
Dimples playing hide and seek;
Long and dark, and curling lashes,
Sweeping the velvet of their cheek.

Feet and hands, how small and dainty !
Voice, how musical and low !
Gentle as the sweetest breezes
That through the scented orchards blow.

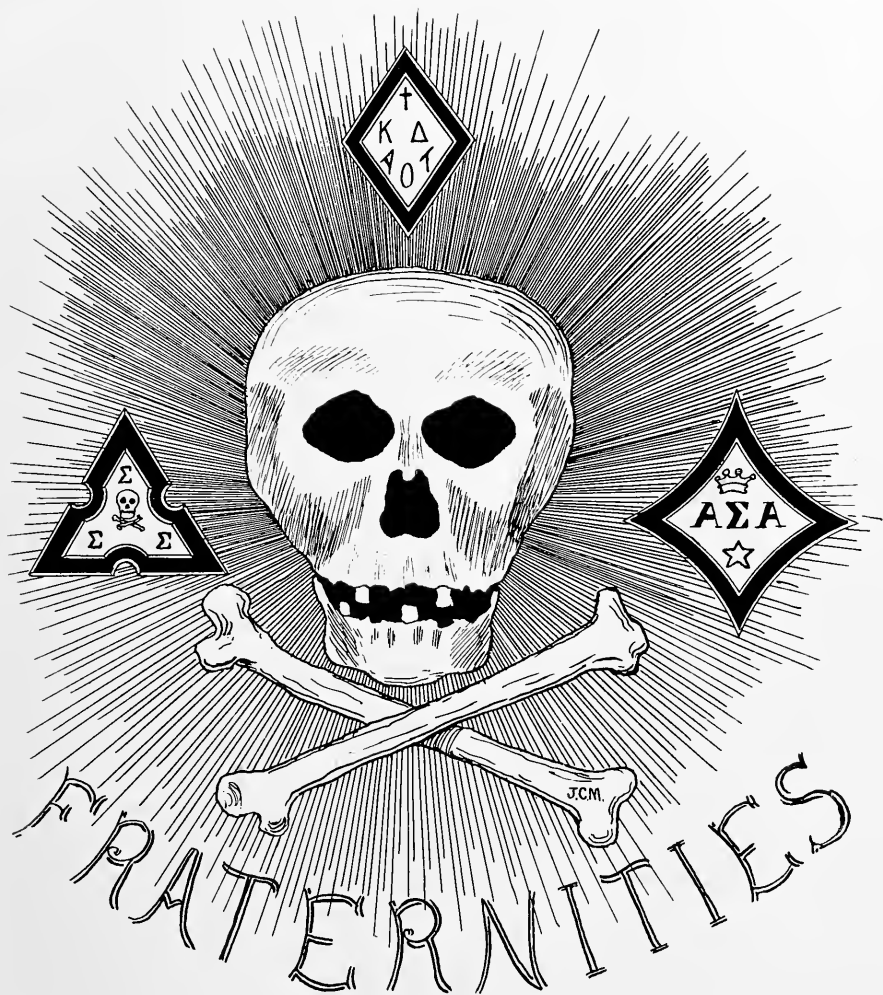
Tall and slender, and so graceful,
Sweetest maid in all the world,
And a pattern for the angels,
Is our own Virginia girl.

I defy thee, trembling doubter,
Search thou over all the world ;
Who in all its broad expanses
Rivals the Virginia girl ?

Not in Cambria's marshes is she,
Not on the Hispanian shore ;
Not in merrie England's meadows,
Dwells the maid that all adore.

No, she is the flower that blossoms
In the garden of the world,
In the dear, dear Old Dominion—
For 'tis the Virginia girl.

SARAH CAMPBELL BERKELEY.



Kappa Delta Sorority

FOUNDED 1897

CHARTERED 1902

Colors	Flower	Official Organ
Olive Green and White	White Rose	"The Angelos"

Chapters

Alpha	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	State Normal School
Gamma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hollins Institute
Theta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Sigma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gunston Institute
Phi Psi	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fairmont Institute
Zeta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	University of Alabama
Phi Delta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	St. Mary's School
Kappa Alpha	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Florida State College
Rho Omega Phi	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Judson College
Delta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	College for Women
Zeta Alumnae Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Call

Alpha Kappa Delta!
 The Alpha, the Alpha, the Alpha Kappa Delta!
 Alpha Kappa Delta!
 We're loyal and true to the Alpha Kappa Delta!

Members

Mary Glasgow	Lelia Robertson
Lula Sutherland	Virginia Garrison
Elaine Toms	Mary Watkins
Nan Nicholson	Emily Lewelling
Gordon Baskervill	Isabelle Flournoy



E. A. WRIGHT PHILA
2018



1 MARY GLASGOW
2 LULU SUTHERLIN
3 ELAINE TOMS
4 NAN NICHOLSON
5 GORDON BASKERVILLE

6 LELIA ROBERTSON
7 VIRGINIA GARRISON
8 MARY WATKINS
9 EMILY LEWELLING
10 ISABELLE FLOURNOY



LOIS WATKINS



FLORENCE BARR



HELEN
BLACKISTON



ANNIE
LANCASTER



BESSIE STOKES



CURLE PHILLIPS



NATALIE
LANCASTER



MARY
SCHOFIELD



ELLIE NELSON



VIRGINIA NELSON



EVA WHITE



OLA ABBITT



ANNE RICHARDSON



MARY BLANCHARD



CARRIE MASON

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority

ORGANIZED 1897

CHARTERED 1903

Chapters

Alpha Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Farmville, Virginia
Beta Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lewisburg, West Virginia
Gamma Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lynchburg, Virginia
Delta Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nashville, Tennessee
Epsilon Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hollins, Virginia
Eta Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Searcy, Arkansas
Theta Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frederick, Maryland
Alpha Delta Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Georgetown, Texas
Alpha Alumnæ Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hampton, Virginia
Beta Alumnæ Chapter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lewisburg, West Virginia

Sorores in Facultate

Natalie Lancaster

Helen Blackiston

Sorores in Collegio

Ola Lee Abbitt

Ida Curle Phillips

Florence Barr

Anne Richardson

Mary Blanchard

Mary Schofield

Annie Lancaster

Elizabeth Stokes

Carrie Mason

Catharine Taylor

Virginia Nelson

Lois Watkins

Ellie Nelson

Eva White

Alpha Sigma Alpha Fraternity

Founded 1901 Chartered 1903

Flower:

WHITE CARNATION

Colors:

CRIMSON AND SILVER

OFFICIAL ORGAN—"Hellenic News."

Chapters

Alpha	-	-	-	-	-	State Normal School, Virginia
Beta	-	-	-	-	-	Woman's College, West Virginia
Gamma	-	-	-	-	-	College for Women, South Carolina
Delta	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Virginia
Sigma—Alumæ	-	-	-	-	-	East Radford, Virginia
Eta	-	-	-	-	-	Ward Seminary, Tennessee
Theta	-	-	-	-	-	Caldwell College, Kentucky

In Urbe

Lucy Knight Dunnington	Frank Prescott Jones	Nellie French Johnson
Harriet Crute Paulett	Mrs. James Venable	

In Collegio

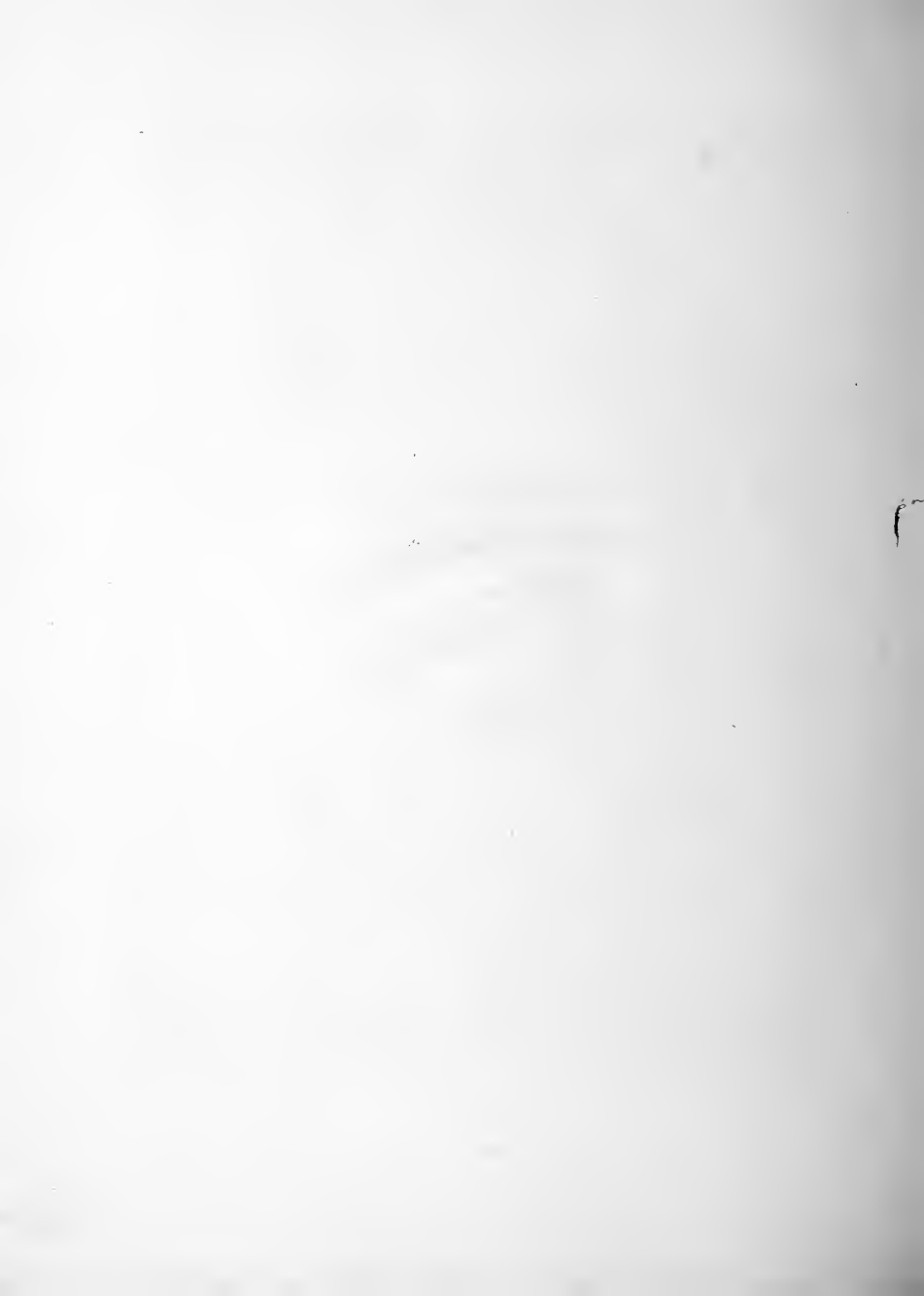
Eugenia Beverly Andrews	Juliette Jefferson Hundley
Elizabeth Littleton Batten	Georgia Ward Newby
Katharine Stockdell Britton	Mary Brumfield Read
Susie Wesley Cox	
Mary Henley Spencer	Lucy Irving Elcan
Bessie Lee Spencer	

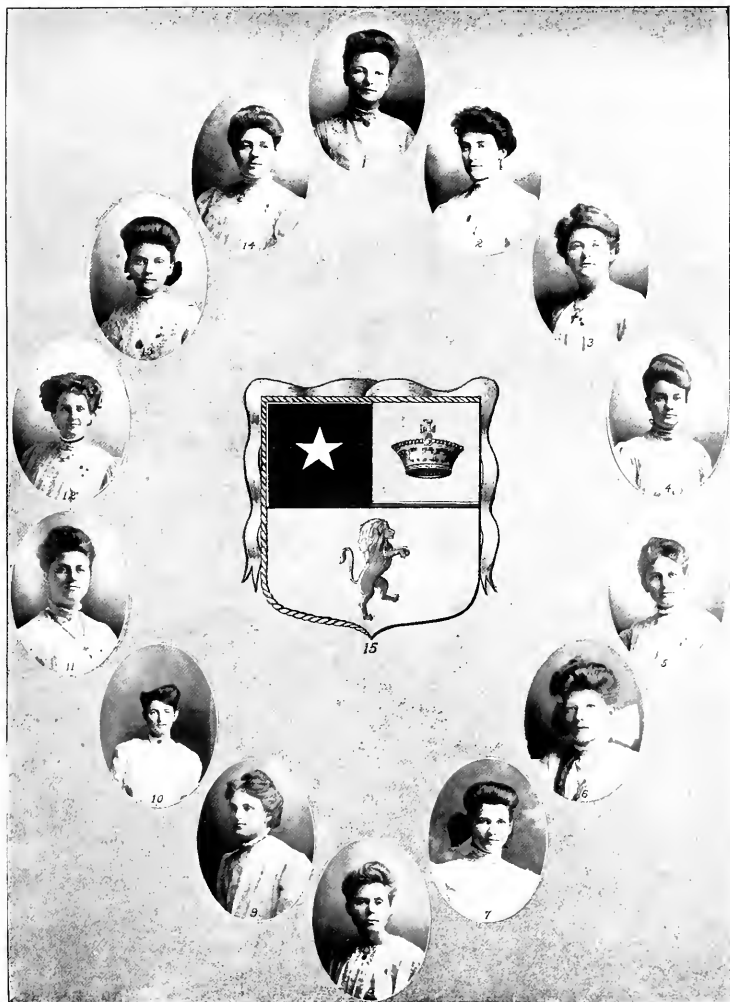
ANNUAL CONVENTION IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

DELEGATE, Mary Henley Spencer



EMERALD PZ PAVILION







Skating Club

Colors

Steel-gray and Leather-tan

Favorite Saying

"It cuts no ice with me"

Bell

Dinky, dinky, dinky, don,
Now we are ready and off for the pond;
Come with your skates and sweaters on too,
But if you have neither, you had better skiddoo!!

President - - - MARY PERKINS Sec'y and Treasurer - FLORENCE RAWLINGS

Members

Cassie Du Val	Florence Kent	Florence Rawlings	
	Ethel La Boyteaux	Hazel Thompson	Alice Ware

Honorary Members

Miss Dugger	Dr. Jones	Dr. Smith *
-------------	-----------	-------------

*Absent when picture was taken.

GERMAN CLUB



Colors

Red and White

Flower

American Beauty

Officers

Leader - - - - - HAZEL THOMPSON
 Assistant Leader - MARY HENLEY SPENCER
 Secretary and Treasurer - - ALICE WARE
 Our Musician - - - - - LUCY WOOLFOLK

Members

Beverly Andrews
 Florence Barr
 Mollie Byerly
 Florrie Batten
 Lizzie Batten
 Alice Castle
 Jaira Chapman
 Hattie Crute
 Edith Duvall
 Janet Duvall
 Aline Gleaves
 Nancy Garrow
 Nellie Johnson
 Carrie Kyle

Florence Kent
 Georgia Newby
 Mildred Richardson
 Anne Richardson
 Ruth Redd
 Ruth Sheppard
 Mary Henley Spencer
 Bessie Spencer
 Lula Sutherlin
 Hazel Thompson
 Nan Nicholson
 Alice Ware
 Mary Watkins
 Lucy Warburton
 Atala Walker
 Mamie Jones



Champion Basket Ball Team, 1907

"The Lavenders"

Colors: Lavender and White

Bell

Two-four, three-four,
Nine, ten, eleven,
Lavenders, Lavenders,
Nineteen-seven!

CAPTAIN: Kathleen Baldwin

Right Forward: Kathleen Baldwin

Right Guard: Mildred Davis

Left Forward: Bessie Paulett

Left Guard: Ethel LaBoyteaux

Center: Eva White

Substitutes: Aileen Price and Cora Brooking

UMPIRE: Miss Hills

REFEREE: Miss Sutherlin

Games

Lavenders 6; Hamptons 7—January 15, 1907

Lavenders 18; Greens 8—January 29, 1907

Lavenders 4; Reds 3—February 5, 1907

Lavenders 5; Whites 6—February 26, 1907

Lavenders 6; Greens 12—March 19, 1907

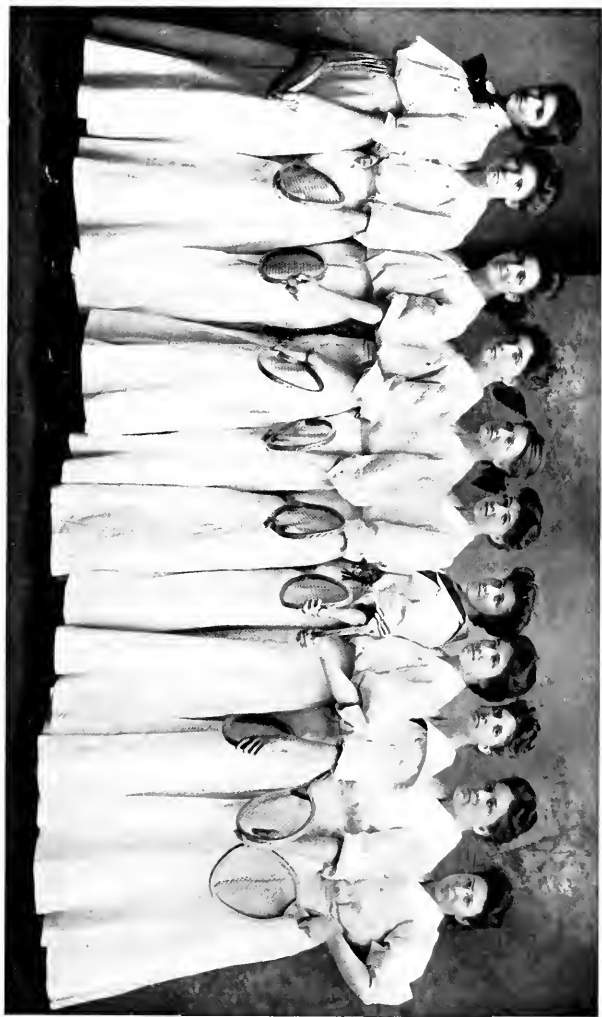
Lavenders 7; Hamptons 2—March 26, 1907

Lavenders 8; Whites 6—April 2, 1907

Lavenders 10; Greens 8—April 5, 1907

Lavenders 4; Whites 1—April 16, 1907





Tennis Club

THE SKIMMERS

Motto :

“ If you would be well served, serve yourself ”

Aim :

To make a racket

President, VIRGINIA TINSLEY

Treasurer, ALICE CASTLE

Members

Virginia Tinsley

Carrie Mason

Elaine Toms

Florence Rawlings

Virginia Nelson

Ruth Redd

Alice Castle

Virginia Garrison

Cassie DuVal

Lula Sutherlin

Mary Spencer

Nan Nicholson (Absent)



Lynchburg Club

MOTTO: Be always loyal

COLORS: Black and Red

FLOWER: Red Carnation

FIRST TERM

President	- - - -	Beverly Andrews
Secretary	- - - -	Imogen Hutter
Treasurer	- - - -	Mary Horner

SECOND TERM

President	- - - -	Ola Lee Abbitt
Secretary	- - - -	Claire Burton
Treasurer	- - - -	Mary Tucker

MEMBERS

Ola Lee Abbitt	Frances Burkes
Mary Horner	Mary Read
	Beverly Andrews
Claire Burton	Imogen Hutter
	Mary Tucker

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Anna Brooks Mrs. T. P. Robertson





Kodak Club

MOTTO: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"

COLORS: Yellow and Black

Favorite Place for Snap Shots: "The Springs"

Name	Alias	Favorite Expression	Chief Characteristic	Greatest Need	Marriage Prospects
Lizzie Batten	"Betsey"	Fiddlesticks!	Soft voice	A tonic	"Twill not be long
Hattie Crute	"Crutie"	Hello Peaches... ..	Spooning	A beau	Hope until 25
Florrie Batten....	"Beautiful"	Blooming Idiot... ..	Flirting... ..	A letter from W ..	If Papa says so
Mollie Byerly...	"D"	Ain't it the truth... ..	Laughing	More rest	Good
Janet Duvall....	"Jewel"	Oh! Mercy	Wisdom	Browning's P's... ..	Flourishing
Hazel Thompson	"Witch"	U don't mean it ..	Happiness	Singing lessons.. ..	Spicy
Bessie Spencer...	"Bones"	By Grabs	Gentleness.....	Cod Liver Oil ..	Improving since Xmas
Mamie Rowe.....	"Fatty"	Hush, honey.....	Winking	Conversational powers	All (W)right



RUTH SHEPPARD



EMILY WARD

NH



GERTRUDE ROSSON



ESTELLE BINNS



AZULAH CLARK



JAIRA CHAPMAN



Tam D'Shanter Club

Members

Bessie Anderson

Linda Coleman

Wirt Davidson

Mildred Davis

Margaret White

Blanche Gentry

Katherine Perry

Mary Stephens

Mary Tempie Vaiden





I. M. P. S.

Colors

Red and Black

Flower

Poppy

Stone

Blood Stone

Motto

"You can't guess."

Members

Kathleen Baldwin

Bessie Paulett

Ethel LaBoyteaux

Charlie Jones

Blanche Sheppard

Georgie Sinclair

Geraldine Fitzgerald

Mary Gwaltney

Virginia Paulett

Dur Glossary

Up-to-Date

BUM-BLUE: The only color we can feel.

DEAD BUSTED: Without color; not flushed.

FLUSH: Change of color to the cheek, caused by rush of check to change.

BEAU: A rare bird—(Rara Avis.)

RARA AVIS: One who adores "Peaches."

PEACH: A man professor.

PEACHERINA: A woman professor.

CRIB: To make one's own for fun.

CABBAGE: Ask the town girls who trudged home during equinox, without the umbrellas and overshoes brought with them, or ask anyone with a college education.

DAISY: A wild flower.

ANGEL: The teacher who lives on the "Excellent" plane.

FLUNK: Result of absence of mind in a state of affairs where absence of body would have been better.

FRESHY: An innocent and tender maiden; one easily squelched and smitten.

FACULTY: Schoolgirl's bugbear; not at all related to forbear.

PRISS: A faculty parasite; one who doth accompany and flow after.

LARK: A brief sweet flight of night hawks and early birds.

RAT: "Wee timorous beastie," Out of sight only in mind.

RUSH: A rapid, unnatural growth. "Green grow the rushe (r) s. O!"

SPORT: The brand of those who have visited the White House.

SINNER: A stupid heathen who gets caught.

SPOON: A receptacle for holding the oil and wine of many a merry meeting. A good spoon-holder has not as yet been found.

EAT: A rhetorical expression for a composition of Box and Boxes ; an inexpensive affair except for the cost of looking innocent.

SWELLHEAD: An empty growth belonging to a "me' hopper ;" caused by the effect of cheap sweets—such as "taffy."

"RAT" BISCUIT: An antidote for new girls, in the form of bumps and bruises.

NEROV: Title applied to a few hardpressed bricks ; an application of salve for the cheek, and sand for the backbone.

TIME-OF-MY-LIFE: This is a "time in the affairs of men and maidens, which at its height, leads on to fortune,"—especially at H-aving S-ocial C-allers.

DIKE: A feminine concoction designed to bring on, instead of to hinder, the rush of many wa (i) ters.

A SPECIAL: One limited for our express company.

SKIDDOW——

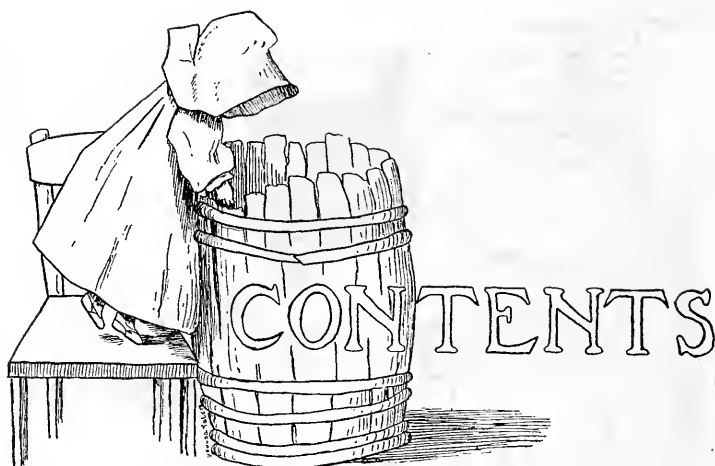
SALLIE TAZEVELL FITZGERALD, '09
MARY PURNELL DUPUY, '09





“Finished”





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CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, President.

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In the College courses are offered the following culture subjects: Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German, English Language, English Literature, Education, History, Economics, Philosophy, Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Biblical History and Literature.

By virtue of the elective system, the undergraduate can select any one of a large number of liberal four-year courses, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

II. Department of Graduate Studies.

This department, in which the same subjects are taught as in the College, offers to Bachelors of Arts the opportunity of specializing in such directions as they may choose and of acquiring the methods of original research. The graduate courses are intended chiefly for those who desire to take the degree of Master of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy, but may be taken by any student who wishes a deeper knowledge of any subject than is to be gained from the Collegiate courses.

III. Department of Engineering.

Four distinct courses are offered, leading to degrees in Civil, Mining, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering, and requiring for their completion four years each. Graduates of College admitted with advanced standing in Mathematics and the Sciences. Special two-year courses are arranged for students who are unable to afford the time and money needed for completing the full degree course of four years.

IV. Department of Law.

The course of study is distributed over two years. The candidate for the LL. B. degree is required to attend two full sessions of the Law School. An excellent special course is provided for students who can attend but a single session, and who are not candidates for the degree. The Library facilities are excellent.

V. Department of Medicine.

Organized in 1825 and in continuous operation except one year since that date, this department offers thorough medical instruction in the environment of an old and famous University.

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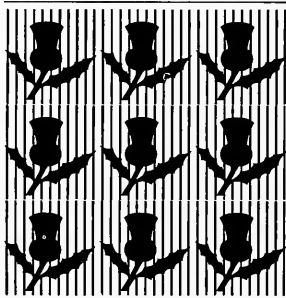
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H. H. HUNT

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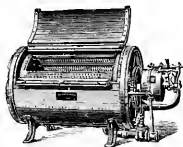
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